

Immortality

by LesserWraith

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Summary: Toothless and Hiccup realize that their lives are not destined to stay together, and they decide to change that. No slash!

1. Fear

****Disclaimer:** This story has absolutely no Toothcup! Not as a couple, anyway.**

* * *

><p>"What is it that you fear the most, Toothless?" I ask the mighty dragon beside me.<p>

Toothless roars forcefully, telling me that he fears nothing.

I smirk. "Are you sure?"

His valiant face, intent and alert for any sources of danger, nods.

He gives me a happy nod. I roll my eyes, determined to find his weakness. He has to be afraid of something.

"Cages?" He shakes his head.

"Falling objects?" He shakes his head.

"Um... no offense, but when I nearly died-" I begin.

Toothless bares his teeth at me, growling slightly.

Oops. Wrong territory to venture into. He's always kind of touchy about this subject, probably because he refuses to let me fall into danger. But is that fear__?_

Maybe. But I need one that I know that he really fears.

I look around the surrounding trees, hearing the sound of night creatures, the rustle of leaves as the wind blows, the branches cracking under our feet as we walk as one. Then I get an amazing idea.

"Alright..." I begin. Toothless looks at my haughtily, challenging me to think of something he thinks doesn't exist.

"...Eels?" I say mischievously, pretending to reach into my pack and pull out the slimy creature.

Toothless retracts his head in fear, roaring loudly at my approach, all the while whimpering madly. Had it not been me the one producing the eel, he would have blasted the snakelike creature to cinders. Toothless hates eels. He's also scared of them, too.

I smirk. Gotcha__.

I slowly pull my hand out of the bag, holding nothing in my hands. Toothless looks at me with initial confusion, then slowly understanding, then, as he finally gets my prank, annoyance. He snorts once, walks up to me, and begins nudging me towards a tree.

"Ah! Stop it!" I say, trying to push the Night Fury back. He ignores my protests and continues to push me forward, my back feeling the tree behind me as I am forced back slowly. Great. I'm stuck between the pissed dragon and a tree. He gives me a glare, pulls back, and whimpers quietly.

"Hey, I deserved it," I say, taking his recent tender movements as an apology for scaring me. "We're even." He snorts again and looks at me convincingly.

Then he looks at the bag intently, then to me. He warbles questioningly.

"Oh, great," I mutter. Toothless gives a rumble of delight.

He's asking me what I'm afraid of. And since he can't guess, and I'd rather not him bringing my worst fears to me now (Astrid), I go ahead and tell him what I fear the second most.

"I fear of dying," I say, trying not to put too much emphasis into it. We are camping, after all.

Toothless's smirk disappears quickly, and is immediately replaced by a look of concern.

Why? His eyes ask me, his body right by my side, warming- but also effectively trapping- me. In fact, all six of his ears are pointed up; a sign that he really wants to know. I sigh. I'm so screwed. I should have said something like "Strawberries" or something. At least Toothless hates that.

"Um, can we, uh, talk about this later?" I ask him politely. I don't want him to get mad, but this subject is not the best thing to be

talking about at night- in the woods- with a very, very curious dragon.

Toothless seems to think otherwise, though. He scorches a circumference along the ground nearby, uses his tail to flick several logs into the circle, and lights them on fire. The fire crackles merrily in the color of Toothless's flame- plasma blue. It's almost mesmerizing to watch the Night Fury flames dance in the night, flying about like real dragons in the sky, dissipating with a wiff of smoke and a little simmer of blue-white light. Even the sound of the fire crackling resembles the sound of a dragon in flight, whooshing slightly as if affected by real wind. The flames rise higher than a normal flame, rising dangerously high in altitude.

Toothless sits down patiently and answers my question by looking at the blue flames.

No. Sit down by the fire and start talking, please is the closest thing I can infer from his actions. Or, more like, command. I dare not think what would happen if I refused.

I sit down on a nearby log, feeling its coarse and mossy skin with my hand. As I rub my hand back on forth on the lifeless object, the softness of the moss contrasting against its host's roughness intrigues me. This log had a history, like everything around here. It was once a lumbering tree, before it fell down and was separated into pieces upon impact with the ground, eroded and weathered away by the rain and snow, decomposed by bugs and fungus.

It once had life.

Oh, great. Now even I want to know why I think of like so much.

I didn't come here to ponder about life and death! I came here to have fun!_

Toothless has moved from his original spot, and is now sitting by the fire, his eyes looking at me directly into my eyes, creating a very thin line of open feelings passing through our pupils.

And he's still giving me that Tell me look. I sigh again, looking at the ground.

Oh, well, it's not like I don't need to relent or anything. This subject has been on my mind recently. And maybe it's better if I push it out of my mind now.

For the short version, I fear death like Toothless fears eels. And that's a lot._

For the long version, please stay tuned as I make a lot of cheesy comments about death.

It is the only inevitable thing in the world that you can always count on. Not even Toothless is as promising as the final, unavoidable event that claims lives and brings tears upon the masses, consuming every and all souls that it comes in contact with. It's always waiting in the wings, stalking patiently until in swoops in with such force that no one has yet been able to pull it back.

Had it been a few years ago, I would have very much counted on death to do me in. I even wanted it, on some occasions, as I was always the hiccup of the village, the runt of the litter. I felt nothing but pain and neglect, being the dummy for other people as they endlessly pick on and prank me. Even my sarcastic and quiet demeanor did not hide the fact that I was very troubled every day since I got to know the others, the fact that I was different, and would never be like them at all. I sometimes wished that I could just melt into the ground and forget about everything, become a nobody, so that way I wouldn't bother anyone, and nobody would bother me. Like, you know, that people would just forget about me.

And then, it all changed.

It all changed because of the great dragon right next to me.

I found a friend in him. He found a friend in me. Or, well, at least, fish.

But our bond's far not like your typical household pet-owner thing, because Toothless is anything but that. I'd love to say that Toothless is a really a powerful god sent from Valhalla just to become my friend, but unfortunately, I'm not worthy of any gods' attention, which is not surprising at all, given my less than divine past. Instead, I just think that he's a really powerful dragon that likes having a friend around.

I shudder to think what would happen if he gets bored of me, though.

I mean, what's the point in living if there's no one to share the delight with?

I look at Toothless and see him looking back at me, smiling happily and cooing.

"What? Why the smiley face? You know what I was thinking or something?" I snap.

Toothless walks to me and gives me an encouraging snort, confirming my suspicions.

Yes..

"What?! You can read minds?!" I exclaim, looking at him in disbelief. He warbles happily, his snout softly touching forehead, as if to say, I can read minds. I'm a dragon..

Then he snorts. That probably stands for you idiot..

Oh, well, at least I don't have to tell him (out loud) anymore. That's a relief.

The burden of describing death's embrace now out of my head, I lay down and relax, my hands over my head, and my head on the logs.

"What a perfect day to cause trouble and get away with it," I say to Toothless.

He snorts again.

We somehow succeeded in convincing Dad to let us have the night to ourselves for a night or two. Given my almost constant proneness in getting into trouble, it wasn't easy, I have to admit, but Fishlegs was kind enough to convince the old man that it made 'for good air'. Toothless further proved this true by lighting the orchards behind our house on fire and pretending to be know nothing at all as it happened. That gave us enough distraction for us to get permission from him, for he did not want me to do anything with the fire. So did I.

Speaking of which, my father hasn't found the orchard's arsonist yet, because if he had, we wouldn't certainly be here in the middle of the woods, sitting by a warm fire and keeping each other warm- and happy. We'd be screwed.

"I don't know how you did it, Toothless, but you were amazing," I say, rubbing his head happily, letting the wind's melodic breezes blow past me softly. He nudges me, and then looks at himself (how does he do that?), indicating that he isn't amazing.

**We ** are amazing, is very likely what he's trying to tell me. I nod.

"Well, together, anyway," I tell him. "Alone, I'm more of a clumsy idiot who doesn't know what life is worth living for."

A growl from Toothless shuts me up. He looks at me with accusing eyes, his tail threatening to hit me.

"All right! I'm sorry that I called myself that!" I say. Toothless lets his leer down.

I roll my eyes, something that Toothless is quick to imitate, laughing with mirth at his near perfect imitation of the human actions. He then looks at me with wide eyes.

"What, you want me to call myself a superstar?" I ask him sarcastically.

To my surprise, he nods. Suits you much better is what he's probably saying.

Or, more likely, Can you be that thick to believe me?_

I decide to go with the first, just in case. Besides, laughter at my expense is always a part that I'm associated with.

"Alright..." I stand up and strike a pose, and begin strutting around the campfire in the most fabulous way possible.

"Hah! I'm Astrid! I can charm every man in Berk, but I can choose only one!" I say, throwing my hand behind my shoulder as if to flick the nonexistent bangs away from my eyes.

Toothless is laughing once again, unable to control himself as he rolls around the ground, thrashing and cooing madly. I notice once again that I'm opposite of him in the circle once again.

"What? Is my imitation of her too bad?" I ask.

_Not __bad__._

"Heh, right..." My face then turns into confusion. Whose sound is that? "What?"

_I __said__, __not __bad__. __Isn__'__t __that __what
__you__-__

"_Who_ is talking to me?" I ask loudly, looking around for the source of the sound. It's dark, husky, but... it's very _soft__..._

_A __young __dragon __by __the __name __of __Toothless__._

I freeze, locking my eyes on him, who is tending to his scales happily.

Toothless?

"Toothless? Did you just talk?" I say, walking past the fire and up to him. His ears perk up, now giving me his full attention. He looks pretty surprised, too.

When I walk up to him, though, he only shakes his head, warbling softly in thought.

"Huh? You just talked a minute ago..." I say, clearly confused.
"Can't you talk now?"

He shakes his head, snorting quietly. I scratch my head in massive confusion.

This is making no sense! First, I hear Toothless's voice in my head, then he says _no__, __I __can__'__t __talk __now_? What is he trying to tell me?!

He gets up, his eyes filled with an idea, as if his head has lit lightbulb above it. He points his head from me to the ground, telling me to stand where I am.

"Alright..." I say uncertainly. What is happening?

He takes his time walking snake-ishly around the bonfire, stopping to rest opposite of me. My eyes never leave his.

"Now what?" I ask, exasperated. I honestly have _no_ idea what's going on. Maybe I should just fall asleep here and when I wake up, Toothless will-

_There__. __Can __you __hear __me __now__?_ The husky, tender voice fills my head again. This time, Toothless's eyes are on me, and my eyes are affixed into his.

"Yes..." I say, almost hypnotized by this new sound entering my ears. It's just so... weird. Toothless, speaking... I know that he contains a lot of humane characteristics, but really? Speech? Verbal communication? _Talking__?_

This is certainly a new development.

And it's awesome.

To be honest, his voice is, if any male could judge another's, hot. Like, I like Astrid and all, but if I were a female dragon, like Stormfly... wow. Astrid would so kill me if she knew.

No wonder why he keeps to himself. He doesn't like every female dragon in Berk falling for him.

But don't get me confused- I do not like Toothless. Not that way. Crazy.

"T-Toothless..." I say, wanting to go up to him and hug him, overwhelmed by the sudden turn of events.

Hi, he says, grinning. This is something new.

"How is this possible?"

He looks at me in thought, then launches into full speech with his hypothesis.

I 'm not really sure either. The best I can guess is that it 's because of these Night Fury flames. We are intelligent creatures, if I daresay, and everything we do is related to our internal flame, our minds. Be it eating, flying, or just sleeping- we use a lot of brain power in order to sustain our actions.

I look confused, but I do not take my eyes off the mighty and now verbal dragon. "How is that related to talking?"

Another smile.

I 'm getting to that. I guess since shooting fire is the only activity that uses our mind essence and puts it **outside** our body, maybe people can hear a Night Fury 's thoughts by looking into a 'piece of its mind'-

"Wait. You called yourself 'it'," I say, breaking his line of thoughts. "That makes you look like an animal."

It doesn't matter, really-

"Yes, it does. You are ****not**** a common animal," I say, raising my voice at his dismissive opinion. What? Really? It? Why would he call himself that?

Let 's not stray from the subject-

"No. Please, Toothless. Why?"

Screw the 'piece of mind' thing. I'm getting to the bottom of this.

He looks pained. I... I 've always thought myself of

__an __animal __compared __to __you__.

My eyes widen in shock, forgetting that he still owes me an explanation to the whole talking thing. "Why?!"

He paws the ground nervously.

__You__'__re__... __just __so __kind__, __he says quietly. __You __always __are__. __No __matter __where __we __go__, __I __am __the __one __that __annoys __you__, __and __you __always __laugh __it __off __like __it __was __nothing__, __even __when __it __usually __is__. __And__.. __well__, __you __did __help __me __fly __again__. __How __am __I __supposed __to __compare __to __that__?__

"I __what__?_" I splutter. "How am I kind? I was the one that-that-"

__That__? __He asks, head tilting in inquiry.

"I- I- I was the one that shot off your tailfin!" I yell, unable to contain myself. If he is going to find out, it's going to be from me. Not anyone else.

His eyes widen in shock, not unlike my own.

__You__... __did__t his__? __He brings his tailfin up for a closer look, observing it quietly. I can hear smaller, quieter thoughts running in his head, but I don't seem to make any out.

I hang my head. "I... did. I even wanted to kill you back then, remember?" I say, quite guiltily. So guiltily, in fact, that a tear escapes my eyes. How was I so _stupid_ back then? How did I think that I could kill the dragon who would become my friend for life in time to come?

How is Toothless going to forgive me now?

He gives me a long, long, stare. I dare not look at him in the eyes, for I might see anger in there, and that is the last thing I would want to see.

Toothless mad at me. That, I cannot handle.

If he is mad at me, then he will leave me, or ignore me entirely. Both of those choices will kill me. The former will also kill him, too. Our bond is held together by friendship and trust, strengthened by love and care and time. If it breaks, then what are we? We cannot call each other friends, and we will be alone once again. I dare not think of what that would lead up to. I would probably die by either looking for him or him killing me, if he's really mad.

It's hard to think that you only appreciate how strong someone is when their strength is used against you. He's a dragon. I'm a human. How much fight can I put up? None.

Eventually, though, I force myself to make eye contact. His silence is scary, but fear only increases the more you leave it to consume your mind. After what feels like forever, I look up.

Toothless is still looking at me intently, his eyes affixed to where

my head is, and with the eye contact present once again, my eyes. They show no emotion at the moment, and I find it even worse than anger. At least I'd have a clue of what he he's feeling.

"I'm sorry..." I say, my eyes watering again. "If it weren't for me, you'd still be a free dragon."

After a pause, he gives me a croon from the opposite side of the Night Fury fire.

__Well__... __a __free__, __but __lonely__, __enslaved__, __and __very __unhappy __dragon __at __that__._

"Huh?" I say, not quite understanding his most recent statement.

__Don__'__t __you __get __it__, __Hiccup__?_ He says. This is the first time he's called me by the name. __The __dragons __were __under __the __slavery __of __the __Red __Death __for __several __consecutive __centuries__. __She __possessed __the __strongest __mind __anyone __has __ever __seen__. __Just __her __thoughts __were __enough __to __make __others __obey __her__... cause massive concussions to though who resisted... __even __I __could __not __resist__._

"I..._"

__And __then__, __you __shot __me __down__, __if __that__'__s __the __truth__. __And __we __met__. __And __we __killed __the __Queen__. __Isn__'__t __that __supposed __to __be __a __good __thing__?_

My mind racing, I struggle not to collapse to the ground. "But- but- your _tail_!_ You lost your _flight_!_ We could have met some other way-"

__Such __as__?_

I take a moment to process the question. Had it not been for my loneliness, my craftiness, and my determination to _kill_,_ I would not have met Toothless. I would not have met the best friend in the world. If I was like everyone else, I would have ended up killing dragons, too. I would not have been happy, of course. But who would truly be unhappy would be _Toothless_. He'd still have been under the influence of the giant beast, with no one to help him.

"So, to say, the tailfin in exchange for a forbidden friendship."

The last sentence I think out loud, coming to realization, then immediately fear.

"I- I- I didn't mean that-" I stutter.

He smiles grimly.

__See__? __The __tailfin __was __a __small __price __to __pay __in __exchange __for __what __we __have __now__, __Hiccup__. __We __are __happy__. __We __are __together__. __We __are __unbreakable__. __And __all __for __just __a __measly __tailfin__._

"And your ability to fly!" I blurt out, tears flowing openly now.

Toothless's smile drops, but looks determinedly at me.

After we met, Hiccup, I realized that I felt much happier with **you** than flying alone. You brought me friendship and care, and it just feels so much better than being isolated and having to just live for another day. I found out that I didn't care about flying that much anymore. I cared about **you**. I would trade another tailfin to be with you any day, Hiccup.

The way he emphasizes the word 'you' is powerful, but still, tender. Yet it symbolizes far more than just a syllable. It shows that he truly cares about me. That he is willing to give up his freedom just to be with me, because I make him happy just by being here. Because I care.

You're... you're worth far more than me, he says fidgety. Like, when I jumped into the arena to save you; I knew that I wasn't going to make it out. All I wanted was for you to be safe.

"You... did?" I ask, feeling his pain through those now beady green eyes.

Night Furies are the most powerful dragons alive, and yet... Toothless. He defies the very stereotype of the big, swift, and heartless creatures that prey on human livestock and fish. He cares far more than I thought he would. And...

He admitted that he would die for me. He would give up even more than his tail for me.

Which is why everything we once knew about dragons were all wrong.

Because of Toothless. Because the most dangerous dragon in the world turned out to be the kindest.

He turned out to be the best dragon of them all.

I was prepared for the consequences, but I was willing to go in to help you. Because... I love you, bud. You mean much more than the world to me. You gave me everything in your power to help me, and I have never seen that type of care anywhere else before. At first I thought it was because you were scared of me, but I quickly realized that you were willing to put your life down for me if the time for that ever came, because of how much care and concern you showed towards me. You even gave my back my ability to fly, even if I don't exactly need it as much as I needed you. Because you mean everything. You mean... more than me.

I stay silent, tears threatening to overflow again. Who knew that dragons could be so... kind? I always thought that Toothless just _liked_ being around me. I didn't know that... that... he meant a lot more than that. Friendship is a complicated thing to describe, but is just so easy to _feel___. And once you do feel it, you never want it to go away.

_You _make _me _happy_. _I _make _you _happy_, _or _at _least _I _think _I _do_. _And _I_'_m _not _giving _this _kind _of _platonicity _up _any__time _soon_, _buddy___. _

Even his eyes are the slightest tint of grey, signaling that there is something inside that wants out.

I walk over to him, breaking the line of thought, and reach up to wipe the tears from his eyes.

I don't even care if I can't verbally communicate with him when I'm over here, because all in all, there are far more deeper ways to communicate than just diphthongs and syllables.

One of them is called using your heart.

Feelings are far more truthful and powerful than words that are spoken. They also accomplish so much more, especially as they are so easily understood.

He gives me a light heartening smile. A smile that depicts more than a thousand words.

And, to be fair, I only smile back.

Toothless motions me to go back to the other side of the fire, but I stay by his side instead, hugging him madly. Words aren't going to tell you how much I need him by my side right now, and on the other side of his fire, where his mind will only tell me so much.

See what I mean? Friendship is something _felt__,_ not _described___. Especially since the more you describe it, the more it sounds like love, _that_ kind of love, and it all just gets awkward and you waste a lot more time explaining what you truly mean, which is, of course, impossible.

So I just sit there, by his side, not moving, feeling only our hearts beat together in unison.

* * *

><p>AN: This story is dedicated to PuraStones for his suggestion of the topic! **

I'm rather happy with this chapter, being one that I highly enjoyed writing, especially for others (you).

2. Trust

**Chapter 2 is here! Calm, feelish songs are recommended for most of the story, except for the angsty parts, which of course should be

angsty. Specifics below, but don't be too reliant on them.
Enjoy!**

* * *

><p>After what seems like an hour or two of hugging, but certainly past midnight, Toothless motions me towards to opposite side of the fire again. I want to stay by his side longer, but of course, he still owes me an explanation.<p>

"So, uh, why can I listen to your thoughts again?" I ask, sitting down opposite him.

_You _look _into _the _flames_, _you _look _into _my _mind_. _Well_, _a _part _of _it_,_ he says.

"Parts of it?"

_What _I _speak _internally _is _usually _the _most _that _you _can _hear _through _the _flames_. _If _you _could _see _all _of _my _mind_, _you _would _feel _a _huge _outburst _of _feelings _and _thoughts_,_ he says. _The _mind _is _a _really _complex _thing_, _and _it _holds _a _lot _of _thoughts _at _once_, _all _jumbled _around and _stuffed _into _disproportionate _areas_. _

"Oh," I say. "I guess that makes sense."

He smirks, if it's possible for dragons to do that.

It'_s _a _lot _like _the _human _mind_, _is _it?_

"...Maybe," I say thoughtfully. Our brains _do_ have a lot of stuff going on at the same time.

_You _asked _me _what _I _feared_,_ he says. _How _about _your _wants?_

I look at him tentatively. Wants? Is that like, hopes?

"You go first," I say reflectively. "Please?"

He nods. Well, _that_ was easy.

_I _want... _well_, _a _dragon_, _to_, _you _know..._ he says mischievously.

I gape at him, blushing madly, unable to say anything once again, but still relieved to hear that he doesn't directly use the words that I'm thinking about. Nevertheless, I'm still struck by his words. He wants a _dragon?_ Of all things?

He glances at my face and bursts out laughing, rolling over on the ground and slapping the tail repeatedly. Only when I hear the tail hitting the floor do I reach for my words.

"Hey! Not the tail!" I call, and he stops immediately, freezing mid-position. He looks at the tail, which is still in good shape, and gives me an apologetic look. He rolls over and blows dust off his

back.

Sorry, _ he says, still grinning. _But _you _get _my _point_,
no?_

I roll my eyes. "Well, I do, now," I say, and out of curiosity, "So, what dragon do you have it in for you?"

He smirks. _Well... _I_'_ve _always _had _this _crush _on
Stormfly...

I give him a you-can't-be-serious look.

"Just why would you like a Nadder like that?" I ask disapprovingly. Oh, well. At least it's not a _Gronkle_ that he wants.

He smiles. I guess dragons have to let out their frustrations too.

_I _mean_, _she _just _looks _so _colorful _and _hot, _you
know? _Her _spikes_, _her _tail_, _her _head_, _every
_part _of _her _body _is _just _so _beautiful_. _And _when
_she _flies... _don_'_t _even _let _me _get _started _on
that. _He licks his lips excitedly. _Sometimes _I _wish _her
_body _was _under _mine_, _so _I _can _feel _every _part
_of _her_, _and _maybe _give _her _a _nice _kiss_, _and
_then _I_'_d _begin _to _m_-

My increasingly reddening face is only enough to make him stop verbally visualizing his fantasies.

Oops. _Too _much _information_, _ he smirks, rumbling contently, clearly showing no dignity in his words.

I bury my face into my hands, trying to hide the very obvious blush and feelings that are mounting up inside.

"I can't believe... what... holy..." I stammer, trying to register the fact that not only did Toothless had a love interest, but that it is, of all people, my _crush_'_s_ dragon.

Like, what the hel.

Toothless gives me a shy grin. _What_? _I_'_m _a _young
male. _It_'_s _natural_. _

"A bit too descriptive on your part, though," I mutter, my hands still covering my face.

He rumbles happily.

_Hey... _remember _that _I _said _that _I _can _read _your
thoughts? _Well_, _I _can _see _your _**hidden
_secrets **_when _you_'_re _opposite _this
fire-

"You WHAT?" I yell, doing my best to not sink to the ground out of embarrassment. Toothless? Looking into my soul? _Now_?_ Are you kidding me? He's the best person when it comes to trust, but... seriously? _All_ my secrets?!

It takes me all of my strength to not move away from the fire.

He looks at me with a smug grin. _Want __an __example__?_

I bite my lip. He might just be bluffing. This can't get any worse, can it?

"Yes," I say.

He smirks.

_I __know __that __you __like __Astrid__... __you __want __to __do __things __with __her__... __You __want __to__-_

"Shut _up_!_" I yell, my hands covering my ears now, even though it does nothing to block his torrential words of truth. "Please!" I add in afterthought.

He retracts his gums and gives me that first grin he ever gave me.

_Sorry__,_ he says, warbling with mirth. _But __you __do__-_

A glare from me silences him, his smile fading slightly.

"Really... of all the things you could have talked about..." I say breathlessly, trying hard not to hyperventilate. "You choose to talk about your freaking desires."

Another mischievous grin from him tells me that he's going to go into the subject again if I don't change the subject soon.

"You said that you could see _hidden_ thoughts," I say. "Can't I?"

To be honest, I can't even make out the _simplest_ of his thoughts—they're all clouded and inaccessible, unreadable. The most I can hear in the faint distance are whispers, speaking in Norse, but not loud enough for me to understand.

_I __think __not__,_ he says uneasily. _I__..._

"The Night Fury's mind must be very powerful, then," I say. "To be able to read minds _and_ block off others from doing the same."

_I__... __hide __a __lot __of __thoughts__,_ he says admittedly.

"You do?" I wonder out loud.

He looks at me uncertainly. _Um__,_ _yes__?_ He says.

I've always known that dragons have some kind of feelings, mainly because the guy opposite of me has shown a _lot_ of it to me, but what is inside a dragon's mind? Happiness? Food? The want to fly? What do they think about their peers, their friends? Are the other dragons in Berk only here for food, or do they share a deep connection to their humanoid counterparts as well? What do the

dragons _want__?_ What keeps them from flying away and never returning? Is it care? Is it food?

Or is it debt?

Dragons are known to return favors when given something, like when Toothless returned me half of the fish when I gave it to him, despite being _really_ hungry. Do dragons have some form of method in measuring worth of one's actions for them? Like, you save my life, and I save yours in return? Are the dragons staying here just because we freed them? Are they serving their time here only because of that? And if the debt is up, will they leave Astrid and Fishlegs and Snoutlout and the twins and take off into the distance, never to return? Will that be it?

I mean, nothing's holding them back from leaving now. And none of the dragons actually have a permanent _home_ here. Apart from Toothless, who sleeps in my house, the other dragons usually stay in the _arena_ or next to their counterpart's houses. They have no real shelter for them. Plus, the arena holds quite a lot of... gruesome memories. How do they stand it?

How does anyone stand it? Dragons were tortured, mocked, and killed there for all I know.

And, yes, I use the word 'counterpart', and not 'master'. We're equal, aren't we? Humans and dragons. Well, _I_ view it that way, anyway. Gobber seems to think otherwise.

Most importantly, though, what kind of feelings does _Toothless_ hide from me?

Is he hiding some kind of debt as well? Is his care towards me simply an illusion, only a part of the debt? I make him happy, but does he feel like he _has_ to make me happy too? Are his smiles and warbles forced? Is his company only a repay for my own? Is he waiting for that day that he can fly away on his own, when his debt is paid? Does he truly feel guilt and care and love like I do, or does he know that _I_ care for him, so he fakes these emotions right back? So that I won't be in pain? So that he can repay his share?

No. I mustn't think like that. Toothless isn't like that, is he?

...Right?

I look up at him. Toothless looks back at me worriedly.

"Are you hiding anything from me, Toothless?" I ask.

He nods guiltily. Or, whatever that wide eyed, ears drooped expression means.

You don't... trust me, he says quietly.

I do. I just want to know what Toothless is keeping away, what he thinks is of too much worth for me to know, what he hides so snidely in those whispers that taunt my head so.

"...Can you tell me them, then?" I ask.

He gives me a pensive look.

I... he says, quietly whimpering to himself.

What is this thought that he cannot tell me?

"Is it about me?" I ask, trying to narrow down the possibilities.

_Um... _yes?_ He looks at me, expression pained and fearful. Something tells me that he is not looking at my thoughts right now, mainly since he's not making any eye contact with me.

I cross my arms.

"Toothless..." I begin.

His eyes look up again, but they look cold, sad, pained. It is like he holds a secret that he wants to tell me, but he cannot, or a secret that is so dangerous that it might affect our friendship. Which, in reality, has to take a lot. Even the Red Death couldn't take away the bond between us. Not even Dad.

Because it is only us ourselves that have the right to break what is ours.

I... What am I doing?!

I can't do this to him! He's Toothless! He's the best friend in the world! The guy who jumped into the killing ring to save me, the guy who dove into the flames of the dying Red Death to get me out of harm's way! The guy who I trust so much, care about so much, _love_ so much!

I can't let a little secret break our friendship! I have to respect his privacy!

"Toothless..." I begin. My lightened tone makes him perk up one of his ears curiously.

I'_m _sorry_,_ he says.

"Huh?" I ask.

_What _I_'_m _keeping _from _you... _it_'_s _something _that _I _fear _dearly _for _you_. _I _don_'_t _want _to _worry _you _with _it_, _so _I _keep _it _away _from _you_. _I _want _to _protect _you_, _Hiccup_. _This _secret... _will _hurt _you_. _It _might _even _damage _our _friendship_. _Please...._

I look at him, and he cowers in fear. Just the sight of such a mighty dragon hiding his head like that hurts me.

But it hurts Toothless more. _I_'_m_ hurting Toothless more.

The one who was there all this time to comfort me when I let out my frustrations in the Cove.

The one who was there all this time to hug me, lick me, even share fish with me.

The one who was there all this time to keep me company as I sat in the rain and cry.

The one who was there all this time in my _head_ to make me feel so happy and secure.

The one who gave me a reason to live again.

Toothless. The Night Fury. The one who's done so much for me.

And now... who, just who, is betraying him with distrust and pain?

Me. The hiccup. The one that deserves to be thrown into the arena again.

I deserve much less. Toothless should have found someone like Astrid.

_No__._

"Huh?" I ask. It hasn't occurred to me that Toothless is looking into my thoughts again.

_That__'__s __not __true__. __You __do __deserve__-__

"I don't deserve _you_!_" I yell, anger of myself taking over. "You gave me everything, and here I am, hurting you, making you down like what you shouldn't be!"

_Hiccup__-__

"I don't even know how you put up with me all this time!" I yell, tears forming in my eyes again. Toothless stays put, but I see his legs twitching, as if to jump forwards and hold me tightly. "I've been a terrible friend! I hurt you! I called you useless, even when you're anything but that! I-"

_HICCUP__!_

I can barely register the whooshing sound of wings as Toothless knocks me over, snarling loudly. His body is over mine, his wings open and teeth bared. What is he...?

Toothless looks past me, roaring and hissing.

I look behind me, and see a poisonous snake hissing right back. It rears up, about to shoot venom at Toothless. My mind flashes a horrifying fact that I should have known long ago.

_Toothless __is __scared __of __eels__. __All __dragons __are __scared __of __eels__._

_Eels __look __like __snakes__. __Snakes __have__... __venom__._

_Snakes __are __poisonous__. _

__Snakes___... __their __poison___... __are __deadly __to
__dragons__._

__Toothless __cowers __when __he __sees __eels__._

__But __he __steps __in __when __he __sees __a __snake __that__'__s
__attacking __**me**__**.***_

"Toothless, NO!" I yell, getting up and shielding him with both arms outstretched. Toothless tries to push me away in protest, but I hold my ground.

The snake rears violently, lashing out a deadly stream of green venom. It lands on my tunic, splattering across my boots up to my chest.

Toothless roars loudly. I can hear him charging up a firebolt in his mouth behind me.

"No! Toothless!" I say, staying put. The snake looks at me, hisses loudly, and slithers away into the background.

I stand there, hyperventilating from the near-fatal encounter. Toothless walks up beside me, looking at the venom fearfully.

"It's OK, buddy," I say, his presence calming me down. "The venom isn't going to go through this shirt... hopefully."

He whimpers, still not taking his eyes off the green ooze that stains my tunic.

"Lucky that I packed extra clothes," I say, pulling out another identical looking tunic from my deceptively small travelling bag. Camping requires you to bring two of everything, including wears. "You don't mind, do you?"

Toothless shakes his head.

I frown. "Seriously?"

He nods timidly. Another jolt of pain slices through me like a knife.

"Well... thanks, then," I say. "For putting me out of harm's way and all."

Toothless gives me a proud look, still stained by pain. He croons softly.

I turn around, changing quickly into my new set of clothes.

That's when I realize that's I need my privacy as well. I have my own personal space, a space not even Toothless can enter, and that it is something that has to be respected. And Toothless is trying his best to not invade it. He's respecting my personal space.

And so should I to him. I can't enter his area when he hasn't to mine.

After changing, I turn around. He looks at me with wide eyes.

"It's OK, bud. I'm sorry that I tried to force something that you didn't want to tell me out of you," I say. "I'm really sorry. As long as you're honest with it, I can tolerate that."

He smiles, but his feet are still itching for some reason.

And, this time, I know why.

"I'm not mad at you anymore-" I begin.

He jumps forward, licking me and hugging me for all I'm worth.

"Hey! Toothless!"

His wet saliva coats my tunic, face, even arms as he wraps his legs around me, hugging me wildly and cooing happily. I hug him back, feeling the warmth of his belly on my own, our happiness radiating into our surroundings, but mostly staying inside us, where we belong.

Toothless is happy. That's all I need. Screw secrets. It's him that matters.

Shortly after completely damping and my new tunic with liquid amylase, he gets off me, smiling broadly.

"I'm sorry," I say again, stroking his sides softly. He warbles happily.

I sit close to the fire for warmth and heat to dry off my clothes. Toothless rolls the log in closer to I can lean on it.

"Thanks, buddy," I say. He snorts, nudging my softly with his snout.

Once he's on the other side, he looks at me guiltily again.

"What now?_" I ask him, almost frowning, even if I shouldn't.

You don't want to know anymore? he asks, pawing the ground nervously.

"If you're not comfortable with it, why should you?" I say.

Yeah... but are you comfortable about it? He asks.

Yes, I think in my head, knowing he will read my mind. He looks at me worriedly.

He isn't reading my mind. He isn't invading my privacy... or if it's still called that.

Toothless really is a powerful dragon. Most dragons are powerful because they have deadly fire and near limitless strength, but Toothless isn't only that.

He can control his thoughts and actions. His wits and cunning are
_limitless__._

Not many dragons are like that.

"Yes," I say. "I'm perfectly comfortable if you are."

He gives me an appreciative look.

_Thanks__,_ he says. _It __means __a __lot__._

"Yeah," I say, reaching into my bag and pulling out a blanket to keep me warm, as all the saliva has evaporated into the air; I think that it's because of the Night Fury flames that make the liquid dissipate so quickly. Maybe Toothless can control its heat?

_And__, _uh__, _Hiccup__?_ he asks, his expression clearing quickly.

"Mm?" I ask, covering myself with the thin blanket. I roll the log away from me with some difficulty, allowing me to sit up properly a safe distance from the fire, with the blanket covering my front side.

_I__'__m __sorry__. __For __making __you __distrust __me__,_ He says.

"Nah, it doesn't matter," I say, pushing the subject away. "You _do_ trust me."

_Yeah__,_ he says. He coos and flicks one of his ears up, anticipating me to talk.

"So..." I say, looking for another topic to talk about. Man, is it hard to stop talking when you the last time you got to talk was, like, never.

"What other languages do you know?" I ask finally, thinking that it is a safe subject to ponder on.

_Huh__?_ he asks, one of his ears perked up in curiosity.

"Like, you know, apart from Norse? If you can communicate with me, then so can you with others," I say.

_Well__... __this __isn__'__t __exactly __Norse__,_ he says after a moment's thought.

I'm the one who shows misunderstanding this time.

"What is it, then?" I ask. I may not be a linguistic, but hey, Norse is pretty unique.

_It__'__s__... __Soul __Language__,_ he says.

"Eh?"

_It__'__s the __language __that __occurs __when __two __souls __are __deeply __connected __through __feelings __like __friendship__.

__You __understand __it __as __Norse__, __I __understand __it __as
__Dragonese__. __When __we __talk __to __each __other__, __it
__combines __to __become __a __language __that __only __we __can
__understand__._

A combination of feeling touched and freaked out brings a large smile to his face.

__Hey__, __it__'__s __a __sign __of __how __close __we __are__. __I
__mean__, __how __many __people __do __you __think __have
__communicated __like __this__?_

"Um... yeah?" I ask. He has a point.

__Although __I __d_o __understand __your __people__'__s __language__,
__mostly__. __What __I __don__'__t __get __is __your __slangs__._

I look puzzled. "Like?"

__What__'__s __the__ ' __Friendzone__' ?_

My cheeks blush again, and Toothless giggles. How in the world does a dragon _giggle__?_

"Who- who did you hear that from?" I ask.

Toothless puts up his most innocent face, which means, of course, that he is not innocent at all.

And, like most not innocent people, he stays silent, leaving me to guess the perpetrator myself.

__So__, __what __does __it __mean__?_

I bite my lip. I don't dare tell him that he's venturing into dangerous waters.

"Something," I answer. This is getting uncomfortable, especially since that's the last thing I want Astrid to do to me. Friendzone?! More like 'deathzone'.

__Something__?_

"Yeah. Something," I say. Is this really Toothless, or am I having a good/bad dream?

Toothless snorts and sits down, his eyes still not leaving me.

__I__'__ll __find __out __sooner __or __later__. __Better __you __say
__it __now__._

I consider this, and realize that he's correct. Better he make fun of me for it now than when I'll be less prepared.

"It means..." My mind tries to find the proper word for the hellish zone's definition. "The zone where people are _just_ friends. Like, you want to go further, but then the other side pushes you back and keeps you as a friend. It's a man's worst nightmare," I say, feeling the bitterness in my tongue as I say it. It's the zone that Snotlout

has entered, Fishlegs has entered, and... hey. Where am I supposed to be?

He looks at me curiously.

__So__, __it__'__s __the __state __where __you__'__re __stuck __as __being __just __friends__,_ he summarizes.

I nod, my face paining more by the moment.

__Isn__'__t __that __a __good __thing__?_ He asks, almost innocently.

My face flushes. "It is not!" I almost yell, my frustration letting out after being accumulated so much after all these years. It had to come out sooner or later. "Astrid's really nice with me and all, and I like her a lot, and I think she might be sending some sign that so does she, but I can't be sure!" I throw my hands in the air again. "She's really... hot, and kind. And since I'm a boy..." I blush. "I don't want to be stuck in the friendzone like the other boys. I have a chance."

And, as if by a miracle, I feel much better. The frustration and pain that I've felt whenever I've thought about Astrid are gone, and my mind feels far more relaxed than before. What the... What happened?

Toothless snorts loudly as he knows what the problem is... oh, wait. He does.

__I __knew __that __would __make __you __feel __better__,_ he croons. Consider it as a practical apology.

I stare again. And he laughs. Again.

"You planned that?!" I say hysterically. He nods fervently.

Wow. The guy sure knows how to torment me. And cheer me up.

He's a miracle.

__It__'__s __a __large __world __with __large __opportunities__,_ he says.

I think about his latest comment. Sure, it is a big world... but it needs Astrid as well.

And Toothless. Let's not forget the best man in the world. Especially since he's going to be with me all the way.

"So, you've seen the world, then?" I say, yawning loudly, fatigue finally overcoming me with what all the conversational developments as of lo. I sit cross-legged and stare at the fire, where I see on the other side the most loyal dragon ever.

__Well__, __not __a __lot __of __it__. __But __I__'__m __far __more __comfortable __here__._

"You mean, in the woods?" I ask, confused.

__No__, __I __mean__, __with __you__. __In __the __voluntary
__friendzone__..

Taken aback, I abruptly stop rubbing my eyes out of tiredness. In the
_what__?_

"Eh?" I ask, alarmed.

His eyes shut, head tilting to the side, crooning happily.

__You __know__, __the __friendzone __that __you__'__re __perfectly
__happy __to __be __in__. __The __one __that __you__'__ve __never
__considered __going __further __with__. __We __can __share __so
__many __types __of __relations__, __but __ours __is __in__t he__
'__friendship' __category__. __Because __it__'__s __sick __to __think
__of __us __any __other __way__, __no__? __We __care __for __each
__other__, __but we __don__'__t __desire__. __We __even __have __our
__own __language__! He brings his tail up to him, showing the
prosthetic in its most glamorous view.

I look at him, his happy face, his toothless smile, the prosthetic,
and then to his green eyes.

He's right. Toothless is the best friend ever. There's nothing going
to be better than that. I found a friend in him. He found a friend in
me. We're in this zone together, and we're never leaving it. Mainly
because his other zones involve Stormfly and my own zone is begging
to include Astrid.

In other words, the Best Friend Zone is a far happier place than the
deathzone.

"How the hel did you even consider us going _out_ of this voluntary
zone?" I ask.

He snorts. __I __didn__'__t__, _ he says. __I__'__m __just __saying
__that __it __can __happen__, __like __every thing __in __the
__world__, __but __we__'__re __to __stay __in __the __comfiest__,
__happiest__, __and __safest __place __of __all__. __And __it__'__s
__awesome __that __we__'__ve __never __considered __anything __but
__it__, __you __know__. __Makes __for __good __hugs__..

He yawns as well, signalling his weariness as well.

The awkwardness quickly fading, I facepalm.

"Friendship. Geez, you should have just used that word. Why go so
complicated with _voluntary __friendzone__?_ You got me fired up for
a moment."

He whimpers a bit, and I immediately regret my decision.

__Hey__, __I __was __just __trying __to __add __some __effect__.... he
says uneasily.

"No, no, it's alright. You just alarmed me, that's all..." I say
apologetically.

Suddenly, my vision blacks out for a second and I fall over
mid-sentence.

And you'll never guess who's behind me the second that I fall.

"You are one fast dragon," I mutter sleepily, leaning back resting my head on his scaly side. He croons affectionately.

My fatigue finally succeeds in knocking me out.

"...Thanks, buddy."

We fall asleep in front of the fire, Toothless's calm breathing being the last thing that I hear.

* * *

><p>AN: Well, I certainly loved this one, though I have to admit that it's a bit disjointed at parts. Sorry for any mischecked italics, too.**

As for those who want specifics, though, I recommend: I'm With You/**My Same/Gift of a Friend/any Taylor Swift country song (feels), ****Hana no Saku Basho/Painful Memories/Alice (angst), Oops! I Did it Again/ (Stormfly conversation). I didn't put it up top because I'm not really confident with them. Use at risk! :P**

3. Joy

This is a more lighthearted story, mainly because it's officially Mother's Day where I live, but I also wanted to stay away from the angst for a while.

I'm a bit more confident with the songs now, and I recommend you to listen to them as you read. Switch to the next song as soon as the number changes! They're not perfect, though. The songs are below.

* * *

><p>(1) The next morning, I open my eyes slowly and let the scent and sight of the forest (and Toothless's wing) engulf me for several minutes.

"This... is brilliant..." I mutter, not hearing a snort from the dragon behind me.

The forest looks so calm, yet so restless, at the same time. Bugs skittering about, birds singing their songs, the leaves rustling as animals jump from tree to tree, the soft grass below me, along with Toothless behind my back, supporting me, makes me feel like the freest viking alive.

My revelry is interrupted, though, when Toothless reaches his head over to me and licks me playfully.

"Gah! Take it easy!" I say, wiping the saliva off with my face. He warbles happily.

Fully awake now, I look up into the sky and see the sun risen quite farther than I anticipated.

"I was out... that long?" I pat his snout softly. He nods.

"And I don't suppose you just sat here all morning, motionless, waiting for me to get up..." I begin.

As an answer, Toothless gets up, flexing every part of his body and groaning in satisfaction.

"Oh," I say guiltily. "Sorry."

He snorts once, and looks up at the sky longingly.

"Huh," I say, looking at his prosthetic and remembering the events last night. "Not up for a morning conversation, are you?" I ask.

He tilts his head, his tongue out, his eyes closed.

Nope.

(2**) **"Let's rule the skies once more, shall we?" I say, climbing his back, adjusting my foot to lock the mechanism perfectly into place.

He roars once and takes off into the sky. The wind flies through my hair and I know everything's alright. We don't need words to communicate in the air. We feel, nudge, roar, even smile to tell each other what we want to do and where we wish to go.

"Even Day shall fear the Night Fury," I say, earning a purr from him.

The sky is always welcome to see our majestic show-off techniques. We spin, turn, glide, even somersault in the air, performing moves that a dragon alone would find quite impossible to do, such as one where he grips me by the scruff with his mouth, letting me hang down, pulling us in a slow dive because of the imbalance of the sides.

Which tells quite a lot. If I'm too far up, Toothless will dive slowly. If I stay by the tail, he will be pulled downwards and eventually out of control. But if I stay in the middle, where the saddle is located, we will be balanced, and we are free to move as we please.

Like life. If you go too far in one direction, you tend to spiral downwards into your doom. You have to keep it balanced, whatever 2 sides that you reside on. If it's work, don't go too far in working overtime up to the point that you're completely exhausted, but don't slack off work entirely either. Keep it safe. You can find fun in safety, too.

Or like us. We're not completely distant and we're not too close, either. Well, not close in that sense. Or maybe me and Astrid. If I devote too much to her and forget about myself, what would I be? Stupid? Lovesick? Surely Toothless would mock me for that.

Finally, after a series of climbs that leave me quite damp from passing through all the clouds, we head down to get fish for breakfast.

Well, for Toothless, anyway. I brought my own. But I'll get some fish too, if Toothless is willing to spare any.

Which, by the count, is like, always.

Then, Toothless does something I would have never dreamed of; he beckons me forward, towards his head, then shoves me forward, high into the sky. I feel weightless, much like when I was freefalling the last time that stunt happened, the wind rushing through my ears and past my body, giving me the feeling of a bird. But, well, last time, I slid off his back myself. This time, I'm thrown into the air _first_ and then into freefall right after.

Below me, I see Toothless give me a smile, diving down and snatching several fish into his mouth, and then sailing straight back right up, me landing perfectly onto his back.

I'm left breathless by his most recent (and highly uncoordinated) stunt.

"Wow... hey, that was awesome!" I yell, the dragon below me snorting, also quite proud of himself. "We should definitely try that again later!"

He nods happily, and, after several minutes of concentration, shoots a fireball forwards, reminding me of the first time that we successfully rode together in the air. It explodes, suspended in midair, forming a large vertical disk in the air.

And Toothless is heading straight towards it.

"Really?" I look at him frantically, but he just gives me an assuring look.

The look that I have always seen when something is wrong, and when it turns out right in the end, because of him.

And so I trust him.

The flames feel incredibly hot, but they don't seem to do anything to me. In fact, the _only_ thing I feel around me now is this non-fatal heat, flames only tickling my clothes, but not igniting them... yet. I grip tightly onto him, trying not to get my eyebrows singed off, but it looks like nothing is actually on fire despite the blazing heat. This time, however, I feel the warmth of a dragon's body, the soft tone of a croon, the fire that builds in inside his body, and the binding of two strings connecting together as one, joining several more strings in the mind of the dragon. The world flashes green for a moment, just like Toothless's eyes, and all at once the heat disappears along with it.

I look at myself, my hands up to my head to inspect any damage. No singes this time. But as I rub my head, I feel something else tickling my mind. The soft smell of dragon scales. The inner flame of one's mind. The breathing of a dragon.

The breathing of _the_ dragon.

"Toothless!" I say excitedly, eager to know whether this is just of

my imagination or not.

_Yes__?_ His voice asks clearly in my head.

In my head.

Without the need of the flames.

"Yes!" I yell, throwing my hands up in triumph. This time, though, Toothless lets out not only a roar.

_Hey__, _nice __to __know __that __we __can __communicate __freely __now__, _eh__?_ he says.

I smirk. In my mind, I feel him smirk as well. Now _this_ is what it's like to mutually feel.

"You planned for this too, did you?" I ask, laughing. He croons.

_Well__, _hey__, _it __reduces __our __chances __of __misunderstanding __now__,_ he mumbles.

I nod, laughing. "Yeah."

It also increases our potential in being happy. Like, imagine what we can do together now, with Toothless being able to communicate with me freely. We can just sit in the Cove and talk all day, sharing experiences and past and thoughts. We can play happily without fear of pushing one another too far. I can finally tell when Toothless is hungry and when he's just faking it for my sake. And, well, imagine the pranks that we can pull off together.

A mute friend... becomes verbal.

"Best. Morning. Ever!" I say, shifting into position 4 and turning straight back towards the woods.

_You __betcha__._

I can't even find words to describe my gratitude towards him. All I can do is hug him tightly by the neck, closing my eyes and letting my heartbeats coincide with his as he gracefully glides back to the woods safely. I don't let go until we reach land with a soft _thump_, which is really saying something.

After what takes like several centuries, I climb off him, smiling madly. Darn it, I wish I can stay on him longer. I wish I can _be_ with him longer, with now the ability to talk and all.

_So__, _ready __for __breakfast __yet__?_ He jokes, regurgitating up a fish from his stomach, to which I politely decline. He eats it right back up.

"Gross," I say. He laughs as he munches it down (again).

(3**) **I look at the sun. It's far past noon now, its radiant light bouncing past the trees and off Toothless perfectly, giving him the impression of a slender, majestic dragon standing in wait for the human opposite of him, thinking of what to eat next, what to talk

about next, what to _do_ next, because of all the new gates that have opened and are accessible, it's hard to choose the most satisfying one.

Because they're all satisfying in equals. Except for him joking about my flaws.

"We call it lunch, actually," I joke. He laughs in my head. A nice, calm laugh.

The rest of the afternoon consists of us running around, chasing and hiding from each other, the latter me actually doing worse than him despite my hiccupish size, because of Toothless's incredible nose.

"It's not fair!" I say in protest as he finds me for the fifth time in a row, this time in the branches of a considerably high tree.

Well, _you _do _have _a _unique _scent_, he points out.
_Nothing _else _here _smells _like _Night _Fury _saliva _at _all_. _

I smell myself, and indeed, all that running away from Toothless (and effortlessly getting caught) always ended up with me getting licked. I'm completely covered in saliva.

"Fine, fine," I grumble, jumping down and landing onto Toothless's back perfectly.

_If _only _you _had _wings_. _Then maybe _you_'__d _be _half _as _fast _as _me_,_ he says.

I roll my eyes, even though it's probably true. "Arrogant dragon," I mutter.

He only warbles in delight at this recent 'compliment'.

"And don't go easy on me," I snap, looking for an opportunity to pick on him. It's funny, since I'm usually on the receiving end of his jokes. "I know that all those times that I caught up with you is because you're slowing down on purpose."

Hey, _I _can _get _tired _too_,_ he says, failing to hide the increasing guilt in his head.

"Um, right. A _Night _Fury_, slower than a human. Very plausible," I say sarcastically.

He looks at me, wide-eyed. Yep, that's definitely guilt.

Hey, _I_'__m _not _the _only _thing_-_ he begins.

"Being," I correct. "I am _not_ going to let you call yourself anything below me. Got it?"

Right, _being_- _that _gets _to _have _all _the _fun_,
_you _know_,_ he says considerably.

"I was under the impression that your emotions matter more than

mine," I say.

He blushes. Like, seriously. Of all expressions he can make_.
__Blush__._

__It__'__s__ __not__,_ he mutters. __We__'__re__ __equal__._

Even though that's the truth, I can't help but poke at him for it.

"So, all these jokes at my expense are supposedly equal?" I pretend to snap.

He gives me a _very_ guilty face.

__I__'__m__ __sorry__, __Hiccup__,_ he says. __I__ __won__'__t__-__

I leap onto him before he gets the chance to finish his sentence. I begin tickling his neck, causing him to thrash about in blissful agony.

__Ah__! __Hey__! __Sorry__! __Stop__ __that__! __Not__ __the__ __neck__-
-

Yes, the neck.

I tickle him madly, moving from his neck to his underside, where he tries to throw me off from his now belly-up position. I ignore his legs and continue scratching at where I think Toothless would feel the most sensitive.

__Hey__! __Stop__! __Please__!_

I'm finally launched off his belly, his feet lifting me and flicking my body onto the ground. My body cries in protest as it thuds loudly on the ground, causing my everything to ache, but I smirk. "Totally worth it."

He gets up, advancing towards my downed body, all the while glaring at me madly. My body backs toward a tree, leaving me cornered. Again.

__I__'__m__ __**so **__getting __back __at __you __for __that__,_ he vows. Against all odds, I laugh.

"Hey... compared to those licking sessions, this is nothing," I deadpan.

He looks at me in disbelief, his teeth bared in the politest way possible.

His expressions really are something. There are these false smiles that he puts up for others that he dislikes (Hookfang; Odin forbid them to converse again after he tried to defend himself/kill me), smirks that he reserves for the other friendly beings, and then there's this smile that he only reserves for me (and Stormfly). It's like he has three of every kind of expression, the most sincere being for me (though, surprisingly, _not_ Stormfly), and then the normal expressions for others, and the rest being insincere and sarcastic and usually _mean__._

Like, there was one time that I was standing with Fishlegs, and Snotlout side by side. When Toothless came around, he cooed at me, looked at Fishlegs curiously and warbled a bit, then snarled at Snotlout, causing the latter to jump back in fright. What's interesting, though, is that all of his expressions aren't forced. They come out naturally as if there are several mechanisms in his body, clicking and changing depending on the person he's interacting with.

Though, of course, he doesn't have mechanisms. He has a _mind_. A mind far more powerful than mine, at any rate. At _every_ rate.

Toothless snarls playfully at me, his teeth bared but not in a position to strike. See what I mean? Even the most aggressive of expressions are toned down several notches.

Thankfully, because I have a feeling that I'm going to get hurt.

_No _way_! Toothless growls, still advancing onto me. _That _was _agony_! _That _was _the _pain _of _a _thousand _burning _fires_! _That _was _the _worst _thing _you _could _ever _do _to _me_! He takes a jab at me, pushing me at the tree lightly. He _does_ look like he's going to hurt me. Well, playfully.

I smirk again. Toothless's snout is on my belly now, trying to find a way to tickle me back. I suddenly get a great idea.

(4**) **"Is this... worse?" I say, quickly reaching out my hand and scratching at his sweet spot, right below his neck. His eyes freeze, his body going rigid immediately as his nerves are sent into overdrive.

_That _feels_... _is all that he can tell me before slumping motionlessly, snout resting softly on my stomach.

Not wanting to wake him up from the blissful activity known as sleeping, I stay affixed to the rock, my hands behind my head, looking around at my surroundings.

The sky is a soft orange, the blueness of the sky slowly losing to the edging crimson in the air above, signalling the afternoon's end. In the distance, I see birds flying in the distance, their chirping sounds resonating melodically as they make their way back home from a tiring day. They're singing the Returning Song, a song that birds use to call others home. As the centuries passed, the more tender Vikings of the region (namely Gothi) vocalized it, allowing it to be sang along with the birds. Without realizing it, I begin singing:

_Rebound _to _the _woods_, _within _the _willow_, _

_Lies _beds _of _sticks_, _a _soft _green _pillow_

_Return _to _thy _nest_, _and _close _your _eyes_, _

_For _when _again _they _open _the _sun _will _rise._

Immediately afterwards, the Sleeping Song strikes from the distance, symbolizing the ending of the day for the birds. With the same melody, I continue on:

_Back __to __the __trees__, __hidden __far __away__,_
_Behind __cloaks __of __leaves __watch __a __moonlit __ray__,_
_Lay __down __to __rest __where __the __gatherings __lay__,_
_Wait __for __the __sun __and __its __fateful __new __day__._

The song essentially loops itself over and over again, so I keep myself preoccupied with the singing as Toothless snores quietly on my lap. It's a rare sight to behold, a dragon sleeping on a human, and I plan to keep it that way; us in a superposition, there both of us are both here and not here at the same time; our bodies are here, but our minds are somewhere else. I hear Toothless's soft breathing from his body, but his heartbeats echo deep in my mind, beating in unison with mine.

The effect that his tender thoughts and breathing can have is amazing; I feel so relaxed, so calm, so at peace. I don't want this to ever end. I wish I can stop time forever and Toothless will be with me by my side forever, and I'd be on his side forever, and we will never have to fear of anything in the world, for nothing in the world will change. Toothless will be Toothless. I will be me. We will be us. The world will stop turning, the animations stopped in place, and we will be able to fly anywhere we want, in this large world, and not care about a single thing, except for each other.

The wind blows softly and a leaf catches at my hair. I let it stay there, watching it struggle to break free of my hair and set off again with the wind. It's like life; when you get caught in something, you tend to struggle to escape what torments you so, and more than often those efforts will be for naught. If you just let yourself be at ease, and wait for the right time to come, the passing wind will become strong enough to blow you up and away into the distance again. The leaf slips from my hair, flying away slowly with the breeze.

Toothless breathes slower now, his pace relaxing further to match mine. I wonder what will happen to his life and his struggles when I'm not there anymore. How will he fly? Even a self-controlled mechanism will not sustain him for long, as it is artificial, and the tools that we puny humans create are often too easily destroyed. The water will rust the metal, the wind will tear the cloth, and fire will destroy the rest. What will happen then? A downed dragon is a dead dragon. Downed...

What if Toothless gets into trouble after I'm gone? What will he do, then? There are still many villages that do not accept our dragon morals and ways. They will target Toothless. They will shoot bolas at him like I did. I will not be there to protect him once that happens. One stick may snap easily, but two sticks together take much more to break.

So what happens when the sticks snap one at a time? I cannot allow that.

Toothless... what will you do? What can _I_ do? I can't just sit here...

Toothless's sudden increase in heartbeat rates signals his awakening.

_Mm... _dragon _nip..._ He says softly, his eyes shut and his nose breathing louder.

I quickly snap myself back into reality when he does.

"Hi, Toothless," I say happily. If I'm going to die before him, I might as well make his life as happy as possible when I can.

_Mm? _This _isn_'_t _dragon _nip..._ he opens his eyes to see me, his snout on my stomach, and the rest of his body lying down on the soft grass behind him.

_..._Hiccup?_ he asks, still not getting up from his comfortable position. He does not seem to find this position awkward at all, which makes me feel relaxed too.

"I admit that I brought some dragon nip in my bag," I say.

Toothless gives me an appreciative look.

_Thanks _for... _giving _me _good _dreams_,_ he says. I notice the caution in his voice, as if he fears that he will let something out, but it only goes as far as to intrigue me. I do not feel hurt from his secrecy.

Toothless gives me an anxious look, to which I shake my head.

"Drop it, Toothless," I say, patting his snout gently. "It doesn't matter if I know or not," I say.

But... he protests.

"Nope, Toothless. I'm not angry or anything. Read my mind again."

He gives me a stare and coos in contentment as a response.

_Thank _you_, he says. _I _hope _I _will _be _able _to _tell _you _soon_,_ he says._
>

Passing the subject off, I turn towards him and his soft purrs.

"You like my lap, do you?" I ask curiously.

He warbles. _Yes_, _I _do_. _It _feels _soft _and _calm_,
_like _everything _else _in _the _world _was _frozen _in
spot, _and _it _was _only _your _heart _beating_. _I
_dreamed _about _that _day _when _I _was _lying _around _in
_dragon _nip, _and _you _were _watching_ me _and
laughing. _I _wish _I c_ould_'_ve _known _sooner _that
_your _lap _was _this _comforting_. _I _would _sleep _like
_this _every _day..._

"You can," I offer. "I like to sleep on you a lot, too, so it should be fair that--"

His ears perk up astonishingly fast, as if his birthday had come early. Well, if dragons cared, anyway.

Really?!_ He asks, his eyes full of hope and delight.

I nod. If there's one thing that makes me the happiest boy in the world, it's seeing Toothless so happy and carefree, like he has nothing to fear of at all. Dammit, if I could just capture this moment on paper and put in all my emotions into it, so when I looked back at that picture, all the feelings of happiness and joy would come rushing back to me like a rollercoaster of joy.

Yes!_ He yells mentally with glee. _I __love __you__! __I __love __you __I __love __you __I __love__--

"You love my lap and dragon nip," I correct him, chuckling.

He looks at me happily and gives me a lick.

_Seriously... __your __presence __is __mesmerizing__. __Like__, __seriously__..._

"I know," I say. "I'm very charming." Which is, of course, not true at all. But he knows that.

He snorts playfully and slowly closes his eyes again, opening them only to make eye contact with me.

_So... __tired__..._ he warbles. _Must __be __from __all __that __chasing__._

"Well, you can sleep on my lap tonight, if you want," I offer, but I already know that he's planned it out already. Told you, dragons are cunning-

_I __so __did __**not**__**,**_ Toothless interrupts my thoughts with a snort. _I __was __going __to __ask __you __if __I __could__, but __then__--

"Yeah. Very likely," I mutter. He hums softly. My eyes open wide.

It's the first time I've heard Toothless _hum___. I've heard him laugh, warble, coo, croon, and all, but humming is a new for me. I didn't know that dragons could melodise.

_Mmm... __the __dragon __nip __is __still __there__, __no__?_ he asks sleepily, his eyes fading quickly.

"Yes," I say. "It's still in the bag."

_No__,_ he says. _On __your __head__._

I look up and see a few strands of dragon nip stuck in my hair. It smells sweet and soft. I don't let it go, though.

_It __smells __of __you__,_ he says, warbling softly to the sensational

feel of the plant.

"I do?" I ask, confused.

_Well... _actually_, _you _smell _better_,_ he murmurs.

"Stop complimenting me just because I let you sleep on my lap," I snap. "I smell of... uh..."

Me,_ he says. _You _smell _of _me_,_ which _is _not _strange _at _all_. _

I nod. Dragons seem to be really weird when they're really happy, I suppose.

But, then again, Toothless has always been really happy. Well, most of the time.

"Go to sleep, you overgrown reptile," I say.

Mm... he says, smiling to me one more time before shutting his eyes, his breathing slowing down.

And, without realizing it, I begin to sing. To him.

_I _remember _tears _coursing down _your _face_,_

_When _I _said_,_ _I_'_ll _never _let _you _go_,_

_When _all _those _nightmares _almost _killed _your _light_,_

_I _remember _you _said_,_ _please _take _me _back _to _home_,_

_But _all _that_'_s _dead _and _burnt _will _pass _tonight_. _

_Thank _you..._ Toothless mutters. His heartbeats lessen considerably, preparing to rest from a tiring day.

_Just _close _your _eyes_,_

_The _sun _is _going _down_,_

You'_ll _be _alright_,_

_No _pains _can _hurt _you _now_,_

_Come _dawning _light_,_

_You _and _I _will _be _safe _and _sound_. _

A soft snore from Toothless tells me that he is asleep.

"Thank you, Toothless," I say, letting the lethargy consume me as I too fall asleep, my hands on Toothless's snout, is snout on my lap, our breathing in perfect harmony. The dragon nip on my head finally slips from my hair and slowly floats away with the wind.

As I fall asleep, I do not care for what will happen in the morning, for everything I need is with me now.

With _us_ now.

* * *

><p>(1)-The Vikings Have Their Tea, (2)- Charlie Brown Instrumental, jump 28 seconds forward, (3)- New TailNot So Fireproof, (4)- Forbidden Friendship/Safe and Sound. Suggestions for other recommended songs are eagerly welcome!****

A/N: The songs Returning and Sleeping songs are modified from Rue's Lullaby from Hunger Games, while Toothless's lullaby is an altered version of Safe and Sound. I own nothing except my work! Seriously!

4. Confidence

As usual, feelish songs are strongly recommend!

* * *

><p>I am flying in the air. The world distances itself below me as the clouds engulf my body, making me feel damp and weightless from its humidity. I break through the cloudy barrier and into the open skies above, where the air is eternally fresh and the sun perpetually warm. I like this place up here. I feel happy and warm. I want to stay in the clouds forever.<p>

Hiccup..._ a voice calls from above. I look up, but the blinding light forces me to look away.

"Eh?" I ask the open air. The sound is so familiar... yet I can't put my finger on who it is.

_When _you _die_, _will _I _be _sad_?_ The voice asks.

"What?" I ask, confused. "If _I_ die?"

Yes. _If _you _die_... _do _you _think _I _will _feel _sad_?_ The voice says sadly. My heart stings at his words. Why would people care about _me_ if I died? Shouldn't the question be the other way around?

I cross my arms in thought. "Well... do you care about me, then?"

_I _do_. _I _love _you_, _Hiccup_,_ the voice says. _I _don_'_t _want _you _to _go_. _

I bite my lip. "Then... I guess you will be sad if I died."

_I _will_, _then_. _ The voice says after a short pause.

"But what have I done? All I've been was be a nuisance to the village. Why would..." My words get lost mid sentence as I try to recall anything that I've done right over the years.

_You _gave _me _life_. _You _gave _me friendship_. _You
_gav_e _me_... _everything_. _And _I_'_m _happy_,_ the
voice says. _I _don_'_t _want _you _to _die _at
all. _

"But we're all going, aren't we?" I ask, still trying to make out
whose voice this belongs to. "We're all going to die one day, and
it's not like we can choose our times to die."

Suicide? _The voice asks grimly. _That_'_s _always _an
option. _

I spin around in the air furiously, hoping to see this insulting
assailant, but I find nothing but the endless sky in my peripherals,
taunting me with this intangible force that keeps the voice's source
invisible to the eye.

"That is _not_ an option," I say loudly. "Neither you nor I are going
to die that way."

I... _ The voice begins.

"No," I say, cutting the voice off, anger taking over me. "Life is
far too important to throw away. Out there, somewhere, someone gave
you life for you to use, to have fun, to _live_. You are loved, you
are cared for. You can't just cast that aside and think about taking
your own life. Not only would to hurt yourself, it would hurt others
dearly."

But... _I _can_'_t _live_,_ The voice says.

"Why?!" I yell. "Why can't you live? You're living right now and
you're _fine_!_ You still have so much ahead, just waiting for you
to reach them, and you're going to end yourself _here_?_"

I... _need_... _ The voice crackles slowly, its tone fading and
the air suddenly getting heavier. My mind starts racing as the high
altitude begins its toll on my head.

"Argh..." I groan, trying to shut out the pain inside, but then I
also register that I am no longer in the clouds. I am falling at an
astonishing speed, my body plummeting towards the ground with no
resistance at all. The ground gets closer by the second. I cannot
force my eyes to close, them staying open for every last minute that
I have left.

5 meters.

4 meters.

3 meters.

2 meters.

1 meter-

CRACK... _

My body lands on the ground with such force that I become nothing

more than blobs of flesh scattered around here and there on impact, a bloody mess on the ground where I land.

_..._you_,_ the voice finishes in its dying voice as I too lose my life. _I_... _need_... _you_..._

****T****

Hiccup! _Hiccup_! _HICCUP_!_

Buddy, _wake _up_! _Please_!_

H-_Hiccup_... _get _up_..._

My eyes open slowly, Toothless's huge green eyes staring back at mine anxiously. I feel the ground below me, a grassy patch of ground beside a large tree that looms behind me, the sky a deep blue, decorated by the sparkling stars above us. Toothless backs away from me, despite wanting to come right in to hug me, allowing me to catch my breath from all that has happened.

"What... happened?" I ask, my head still spinning, to an extent.

Toothless coos softly in fear.

_You _were_... _having _nightmares_,_ he says quietly. _You _were _thrashing _your _arms _madly _and _yelling _that _you _didn_'_t _want_... _someone _to _die_._

I recall my nightmare and find that it's slipping away faster than I thought it would have. Ironical, since nightmares are usually what stays with people the longest.

"Someone... wanted to die," I say, trying to grasp the remainder of my thoughts before they disappear completely. "They said... that they couldn't live. They said..." My voice catches as I remember those last words before being sent back into reality.

_Said _what_?_ Toothless asks anxiously.

"It said... 'I need you'. It... they... _he_..._ needed me," I say, guessing that the deep voice was of a male's. "Why would anyone need me?"

Toothless gives me a reminding look. My head racks with guilt the second he does.

"I'm sorry," I apologize. "I just... does it look like I'm worth that much?"

He croons. _You_'_re _the _pinnacle _of _a _happy _life_, _Hiccup_. _And _that_'_s _worth _a _lot_,_ he says, moving back in closer to provide me more comfort.

I stay quiet, allowing Toothless to bring his wing next to me and slowly pull me into his embrace. His legs wrap around me defensively, his wings closing over my body, his belly providing me warmth and comfort from all the worldly harms. It is this moment that Toothless needs not me, but that I need Toothless the most. I need his soothing

croons, his lukewarm temperature, his platonic love, to help me carry on.

And, from nowhere, all of a sudden, unexpectedly, I begin to cry. My tears begin to run down my face and onto Toothless's paws, my cries and bawls stifled by his wings as I let loose my torrent of emotions onto him, my hands holding onto his paws tightly in fear of slipping away and never coming back to meet him. I need him.

Toothless hums softly, the same melodic tune that I sang to him earlier in the day. The lyrics are changed somewhat, though.

_Just __close __your __eyes__,_

_Let __your __tears __flow __down__,_

_You__'__ll __be __alright__,_

_No __one __can __hurt __you __now_

"T-Toothless..." I sob, letting my tears fall freely and about. My eyes are red and damp, my body shaking, my mind racing with fear and emotions.

Toothless finishes the song with a low tone.

_Drop __all __your __frights__,_

_You __and __I__'__ll __be __safe __and __sound__._

Toothless singing is yet another thing that I love about him.

My bawling continues on for a while until my eyes are dry. Even when I stop, I stay put in Toothless's caring nuzzle, not wanting to leave any time soon. For it is Toothless, and Toothless alone, who can make me feel so much better in so short of a period of time.

"Toothless... thank you," I whisper into his paw. He coos softly.

_I__'__ll __always __be __there __for __you__, __Hiccup__, __he says.
_Don__'__t __you __ever __worry__._

"I..." I begin. How am I supposed to tell him my greatest fear? The very same fear I've been feeling all along?

_Yes__?_ He asks, not wanting to look into my mind this time, since the answer is already at the tips of my tongue.

"But... I... won't always be there for you," I say, still inside Toothless's soft clutch. "I'll... die."

I can hear Toothless whimper quietly from above me.

_I__... __know__,_ Toothless says carefully. _It__'__s __just__...
_I __don__'__t __want __you __to __feel __sad__. __I__..._

I raise an eyebrow. "Mm?" I ask.

_I... _have _a _confession _to _make_, _Hiccup_, _Toothless says.

My ears are pounding from the most recent statement.

"...Confession?" I ask, trying very hard not to sound curious, when the reality is of course anything but that.

He releases me, allowing me to stand up. He looks at me and stares at me intently.

"Toothless?" I ask, fear mounting in me as he does nothing but stare at me continually.

_I'_m _going _to _let _you _see _in to _my _mind_. _Are _you _OK _with _that?_ he asks.

I return the stare, my eyes widening in surprise.

Toothless has never confided anything personal with me. All he has ever done was listen to my thoughts and speeches as I walked around in that cove, venting my frustrations at the ground and the water. Toothless was always there to give me a croon and maybe a push, but he never really told me anything about his life. I've always wanted to know what he was like, you know, before he met me. And even when he was with me; how was he? Did he still detest me at some point? Does he still detest me now? Is there debt involved?

I'm going to find out.

"Yes," I say finally. "You're sure about this, right?"

Toothless's piercing stare overcomes me. My eyes' vision turns into several shades of green, my head spinning wildly. I hear the soft moans of a dragon lying in dragon nip, the flames of a dragon rearing up to fire a firebolt, and then the roar of a dragon as he lunges towards another dragon in anger. I feel the taste of codfish as I dive into the ocean and back up. I feel the utmost content as a human suddenly scratches at my sweet spot, causing me to paralyze in bliss. I feel the ripple of winds as I march around a human worriedly, his screaming and thrashing in the woods making large gaping holes in my mentality.

I feel the breathing of a dragon. I feel the heart of a dragon.

I am _the_ dragon.

I am Toothless.

My eyes open again and I'm on a large hill in the middle of an island. The thunderstorms above me rumble forcefully as lightning strikes all around me, but I am neither hurt nor blinded by its dazzling combination of light and heat. I get up on my legs, swaying slightly from the howling gales that strike forth continually. I hear the roar of something- no, _someone_ in the distance, their roars immediately recognized from my Hiccup-Toothless vision.

_That'_s _my _mother_, _Toothless's voice rings in my ears. _She _left _me _as _soon _as _she _laid _me_. _She _flew

__off__, __and__ "I __never __saw __her __again__. __I __never __actually __did __see __her__, __actually__. __All __I __heard __was __the __roar__ of __a __Night __Fury__, __so __I __guessed __that __must __be __her__..

Why she left and why she roared so painfully is something I will have to investigate.

"Maybe" I begin, "Mother Night Furies lay their eggs and leave quickly to not get caught in the lightning that follows."

__It __could __be __possible__, __he says. __I __remembered __storms __pounding __everywhere __and __lightning striking__in __dangerously __high __degrees__..

I don't tell him, of course, that the cry may have been because of something else far worse.

I move my left foot forward, then my right, then left again, then I fall down. I look at the damp ground curiously, my brain inquisitive somewhere between wanting to know and wanting to try. I get up again, my footing trying to adjust to the uneven ground, but I only fall again. This happens several times, and with each time I get better than the last. Finally, as the storms subside, I am able to walk.

"You learned how to walk yourself?" I ask, impressed. "My parents had problems just keeping me on both feet for longer than ten seconds."

__Night __Furies __are __dragons__, __in __case __you__'__ve __forgotten__, __comes Toothless's sarcastic voice. Sometimes I wonder where all that sarcasm comes from, but I already know the answer.

"I was making a compliment," I snap. Toothless's happy laugh that comes afterward tells me that he is not feeling insecure anymore. I plan to keep it that way, on top of all other plans that are secretly forming in my mind, increasing readily as more and more information runs from my eyes into my Hiccup-Toothless head.

I walk around the island for several minutes, running around trees and inspecting rocks by the shore. I near the water, looking at my own blurry reflection from all the rain. I see my new, black, and tender scales reflecting off light in several directions, the last of lightning finally ceasing to dance around my body. I look back, remembering that I have a tail, and spin around to take a closer look at it. When I do, however, the tail moves away from my eyes, forcing me to turn around again and again in circles.

__T__-t__hat __was __when __I __was__... __uh__... __really __dumb__, __Toothless says, embarrassed.

"You were young. There's nothing dumb about that," I respond. He croons.

I force myself not to burst out laughing from all the- if you'll excuse me- __cuteness__! __of Toothless when he was young. His innocent movements, his curious actions, the glint in his eye that told me that he wanted to explore more and more.

Which, of course, drops a pang in me when I remember that his glint has been fading slowly ever since he met me. No wonder why Toothless always insists on flying further and further out every time we go on these expeditions.

Finally, I understand that I can move my tail up to my snout for me to inspect it. My body is little, small enough to fit into the wings of a m-

We'_ll _skip _to _the _next _part_, _alright_?_ He says quickly. I understand this as a fear, that Toothless wants to know more about his mother, but never got to know, will _never_ know, and that he is always up and ready to jump into the sky and look for his beloved.

Even his closeness to me will not shadow the distance he has put between himself and his mother. The distance _I_ have put between himself and his mother.

I wonder if, given the opportunity, he will fly straight into the sky and never come back.

No,_ an angry voice says. A conflicted, I-just-looked-into-your-thoughts Toothless says.

Several vivid images flash through my mind. I am looking at my wings, licking them happily. I jump from the cliff, landing roughly on the ground as I fail to steady myself in the air. Several white flashes later, I am diving into the sea and grabbing fish on the way as I dash straight right back into the air, my wings flapping furiously to shake off all the water on my wings.

"Huh?" I ask, fearing what I have thought and what he knows are the same.

I... _I_'_m _happy _with _you_. _I_... _I_'_m _not _going _to _leave_..._ he struggles to force these halfhearted words out.

For whose sake, really?

"You're going to find her, Toothless," I say confidently. "You're not going to be stuck with me forever."

But-_ Toothless stutters._You_-_

I raise an eyebrow. "I what?"

GRR!_ He roars, and my vision flashes red once again.

I am flying through the air, not happy, but not sad. I feel good to be alive, but I still want to know where my mother is. I meet several dragons, but none of them know who "Mother Night Fury" is- in fact, they're more interested in _me_,_ for they have never seen any other Night Fury before. Those who do, however, avoid my gaze.

"Toothless!" I yell. "It doesn't matter if leave me! If you have to find your mother-"

_I__want__to__stay__with__**you**__!_ He says angrily. _You saved__my__life__! __I__'__m__going__to__-__

"THAT'S A LIE!" I yell back. In my eyes, I shoot a firebolt into the sky to celebrate my latest stunt in the air. "You want to be free! You want to be in the sky!"

_NO__!_ He yells, roaring with anger, but I can sense his hesitation.

"Don't deny it, Toothless. You miss your mother," I almost growl.

Toothless growls threateningly. _Hiccup__-__

I shriek as a stray arrow from a fishing boat narrowly misses me.

"Yes, go ahead, hurt me," I retort. Why can't he make it so simple? "You could have done that since the first day you met me. You could have torn me apart from limb to limb, decapitated me, eaten me instead of that fish! So go ahead! Hurt me! Satisfy yourself!"

Several more pictures flash violently, now in shades of red. The Red Death's signal now rings deathly in my ears, forcing me to turn towards the island and follow her orders. Another flash, and the Red Death is whispering at me. She wants me to do what I do best.

Toothless rears loudly, and I know that in the real world he is preparing to, or at least restraining himself from, striking at me.

_I__...__grr__...__I__..._ Toothless's forced words come out violently.

"Well?!" I yell, but there is no pain in my voice. Only determination. "You say you don't want to see your mother! You don't want to satisfy yourself! You're keeping that pain to yourself! You need to vent it out somewhere! Vent it on _me__!_ The guy that took away your freedom!"

_HICCUP__!_ Toothless roars in malice. _Stop__it__!_

"_You__stop__it__!" I scream. "Why can't you do anything for your own sake?! Why must you care about _me__?_ Admit it! Admit that you want to find her! Stop caring for me already!"

My vision blacks out as a ripping pain erupts from my back, ripping with flesh blood and nerves, my body screaming in pain as I am immobilized by a large object. I crash onto the ground, my body groaning in pain and letting out a roar of agony as every organ inside screams for redemption. What did I do to earn myself this? I never killed anyone for fun! I never wanted to work for the Red Death! Why did I have to end up like this?!

A long pause occurs as the blackout last unnaturally long, as if Toothless is using more of his energy on trying to find the right words to speak next. If I had access to _all__ of his

mind...

Hiccup... Toothless says finally. _I __didn__'__t __want __to
__worry __you__._

I calm down, my head throbbing painfully.

"I know," I say. "You never wanted to hurt me."

_Yes__-_ he begins.

"But have you ever thought that you're hurting me now?" I interrupt, resolved to get my message through. "You're hurting me by denying your own wants. You're hurting me by hurting yourself. You can love me all you want, Toothless, but you will always come first."

I... He struggles to get the words out.

"Just tell me that you want to find her, Toothless. Just tell me that you want to be free," I say.

A long pause occurs. The blackness of my vision is seriously beginning to hurt my eyes.

_I... __will__, __Hiccup__,_ Toothless says, resigned to the truth and his needs.

I smile, and I know that he sees it. "Thank you," I say.

_But... __my __confession..._ He mutters. _I __haven__'__t __told
__you __it __yet__._

"Go ahead," I implore. "Let it all out."

My vision opens again, my body no longer aching, but instead racked with fear as I look into the eyes of a human. He holds a knife in my hand, and he says something about cutting my heart out. He wants to kill me! He's _going_ to kill me! Not wanting to see the flesh that will spill once the sharp dagger enters my scaly body, I close my eyes and lie still in wait.

No _splurch_ of a stabbing knife meeting its mark. No war cry of satisfaction and joy. No _slith_ of a knife being cleaned on the clothes. No nothing, actually. What is happening?

I feel my wings loosen as rope by rope is being cut free. Is it Mother? Did she fend me off from that human and come to free me? Is she here now, after being gone for so many years?

Mother? Are you here? Have you come to save me?

Mother?

I open my eyes, registering everything I see with frantic hope. After several seconds of searching with my eyes, Mother is not there. Instead, the human with the knife is cutting the last of my ropes free. ****He*****s *****not *****my *****mother*****! ****I pounce onto him angrily, looking for someone to release my anger on.

****Where **__**is **__**my **__**mother**__**? **_I roar angrily.**
****Dammit**__**!***_**

I turn around and run away, looking for a place to hide.

As I run wildly through the forest, I don't notice that I run into a cove below. I crash down into it, roaring in pain and torment. As an insult, my tailfin is gone, and I cannot fly.

Where is mother? Where is she when I need her most?

Mother...

My heart sinks as I realize the truth. She's not here. She never was by my side.

She's not coming. Ever.

My vision blacks out again after the rush of emotions.

I'_m_... _sorry_,_ Toothless says finally.

"It's alright," I say sincerely. "You really miss her, do you?"

I do. Don'_t _you_... _hate _me_?_ he asks wistfully.

"What?" I ask, startled by his seemingly random question.

_I _considered _killing _you_. _I _wanted _to _vent _my _anger _somewhere_... _I _thought _you _were_... _mother_,_ he says. _And _all _that _I _said _earlier_..._

I shake my head in the real world, even though I can't see myself doing it. "But you didn't kill me," I point out. "Then and now."

There's a long silence that follows. I'm not surprised at all why Toothless loves his mother so much. You often wonder and yearn about things that are seemingly handed over to you, but swiped away at the last second. Just like my own mother.

I decide to continue. "I'm not mad at you, Toothless," I say. "You've gotta do what you've gotta do, and it's not like a human such as me will have much power over that."

_But _you can_,_ he says. _You _can _tell _me _to _do _whatever _you _want _and _I_'_ll _do _it instantly_... _but _why _aren_'_t _you _mad_? _Isn_'_t _that _what _humans _do_? _Frustrate _when _things _go _as _they _aren_'_t _supposed _to_?_

"Well," I say, "You're the best friend I've ever had, and I'm willing to forgive anything you do or say to me, because of that."

_It _doesn_'_t _make _sense_,_ he says. _I _yelled _at _you_. _I _didn_'_t _want _you _to _feel _alone_,_ and _yet _you_'_re _talking _like _you _don_'_t _care_.._

"I think I've already told you the reason," I finalize, because I

have.

...Because you're a friend, he monotones.

"Yes," I say.

It still doesn't make sense, he murmurs. I laugh.

"There are things that can go unexplained," I say. "It's..."

The feelings that matter, he finishes, and he doesn't read my mind. Maybe that... makes sense. Even if it's a bit selfish.

"No matter what you do, Toothless, as long as you're happy, I'm happy," I say.

...Thanks, Hiccup, Toothless says.

My vision becomes a bewildering green as I am inching towards the human with a fish in his hand. My vision flashes and I'm touching the hand of the human. It feels soft... it courses with trust. He has confidence that I will not hurt him. And because of that, I don't.

I'm flying through the air now, my tail seemingly regrown miraculously. I see the human on my tail and flick him off. The second that I do, though, my tail disappears and I fall back into the cove's cold water.

After a day, I realize that it is the human who gave me that tail. Why? Is it because of trust? Why would any human waste time in giving a dragon the weapon that gave us so much power, instead of doing the opposite? What kind of human does that?

Another flash and he's on my back, and we're flying through the air peacefully. It's now that I realize that I need this human. He has given me trust. He has given me a new tailfin. He may not be a mother, but he is as close as one. Maybe even closer. He has given me happiness. He has chased me around in the cove, handed me food when I could not look for it myself, and even scratched where I ached the most. He handed me the delight of playing around with a human, watching him laugh and smile, and he taught me how to do the same.

I'm going to ask this human to stay with me forever, Toothless and the mind speaks at the same time, the vision ending as he says so.

I am thrust back into the real world, the thoughts in my head vanishing as I register the fact that I have two legs and not four, two ears and not six, and certainly no tail. My body struggles to stand on both feet properly after seemingly flying for so long. So that was flying. I... liked it. It felt nice.

Toothless looks at me anxiously.

I remember his declaration, and look at him straight back at him, my face emotionless.

He paws the ground nervously as I do so.

__So... __will __you__, __Hiccup__?_ Toothless asks trustfully.
__Will __you __become... __immortal __for __me__?_

My emotion turns from nonchalant to instant shock. "Immortality?" I ask.

He nods. __I __want __you __to __be __with __me __forever__,
__Hiccup__. __I __still __have __a __lot __of __things __to __tell
__you__._

I look into his eyes. I think of Toothless's lifespan, which is certainly much longer than mine, and how he will suffer once I die. I won't let that happen. I've made him happy, and I'm going to continue doing that until he dies. Not until I die. Screw Astrid. Screw everyone else.

I'm not trading my love for this dragon for anything else. Not even my crush.

I'm perfectly happy where I stand, in the friendzone, and in the friendzone.

I'm not going anywhere. Not without Toothless.

After what seems like a very long time (it is), I look at him, decision fully formed in my mind. Toothless doesn't look into my thoughts, instead waits for what I'm going to say next with angst.

Toothless's eyes begin to burn from his anxiety.

__Hiccup__, I know that you have a lot of things you still need__-_ he begins.

I run up to him and hug him by the neck.

"I am never, ever, leaving you, buddy," I assure him, patting his neck softly. "Never."

A single tear splashes on my arm and I pull back, wiping the rest from his eyes.

__S__-__so... __You __agree... __right__?_ He asks, water still menacing to fall.

I smile that first smile I ever gave him, happy, but nervous.

"Yes. Make me live with you until the end, please," I say.

Toothless croons happily, too happy to say anything.

I hug him again. Words don't describe feelings as well as hugs.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" I ask, nervously watching Toothless uprooting a tree. We're back in the cove, the familiar smells and memories threatening to bring tears to my eyes. This is where we met. And this... is where I'm going to become eternal. For

him.

Toothless doesn't say anything. In fact, he hasn't ever since I've hugged him. Any thoughts he has are open for me to see, but there is nothing at all. It's as if Toothless is using all of his thoughts and internal flame for one, and only one, thing.

I stand in the middle of the clearing, the sand deceptively warm despite the night's temperature. Toothless, uprooted tree in mouth, looks at me one more time for confirmation.

"Go ahead, Toothless," I say, nodding.

Toothless drives the tree into the ground, dragging it along the ground from his mouth, creating weird lines and curves. As he moves around me, drawing all sorts of shapes, fire begins erupting along the lines that he creates, flickering merrily of Night Fury thoughts and emotions. He passes through those flames effortlessly, his scales being fire resistant and all, intersecting lines at seemingly random, but not random at all spots.

When he finishes, he casts the tree aside, his body on the far side of the flames as I am engulfed in a huge maze of coiled lines, all mixed and twisted to represent different things. I remember the last time he did this, to gain my trust. But, this time, I'm not going to only be able to touch him. I'm going to become immortal until he dies.

This drawing is a huge drawing of his mind, his power. I will have to pass through every space before I reach him to truly take in his power. I may not reenter the same spot twice, for one flame occupies one line only.

I take a deep breath and twist my left leg, passing it through a wall of fire. As I do, I feel ****joy**** coursing through my thoughts. The flames disappear immediately, forcing me to move my right leg backwards into another spot, where I feel ****confidence**** rising in me. I move in and about the maze, careful not to step on any of the lines. I start from the middle, and make my way through the back part of the maze, and slowly make my way up front towards Toothless, who is standing there, patiently waiting for me. I feel thoughts and emotions passing through me with every step I take.

****Trust****.****

****Forgiveness****.****

****Desire****.****

****Heartbeats****.****

****Breathing****.****

****Fire****.****

****Ecstasy****.****

****Fish****.****

****Friendship****.****

****Flying****.****

I step on the final spot, the only place that the fire has not been absorbed in by me. The fire disappears instantly, its power and understanding flowing inside me.

****Life****.****

I step out of the maze. my eyes locked onto the dragon. Toothless looks back at me intently but patiently, telling me that the ritual has not been completed yet.

And I know why. All these feelings will be for naught if I have no one to share it with.

I reach out my hand.

Toothless walks towards it slowly, and places his snout below my hand.

Flames erupt around the us, my hand courses with lightning, my eyes turn green, and I feel the strength of a powerful dragon holding onto me, all for a second. For a second, I am the happiest person in the world. For a second, I am fully confident that no matter what life throws at us, we will be there to take them on. Together.

And, as fast as it came, it's gone. Nothing of the ritual remains. No maze, no fire, no rush of feelings.

Only we remain. 2 souls connected as one.

Finally.

A silence follows as we stay there, affixed in time, wanting nothing to change.

And, between us, nothing finally will.

****T****

Hiccup, _ Toothless says, finally breaking the silence, his voice shaking with happiness. _Thank __you__._

I smile broadly. "Thank _you__, _ Toothless. I'll finally be with you... for you."

He croons. He walks up to me, raising his head so I can hug him again.

As I do, another tear sloshes down his face. This time, so does mine.

We stand there, together, for a long, long, time.

And, compared to how long Toothless's life is, it doesn't really matter how much.

****T****

"I'll make a new prosthetic," I finally say. His head is on my lap again, cooing softly and my back against the cove wall, sighing in bliss. The cove has never felt more like home.

_Why__?_ Toothless asks.

"So you can have a spare in case the old one breaks, duh," I say.

He brings the tailfin up for both of us to see. It looks as good as new, mainly because I wash it daily.

_It __doesn__'__t __look __like __it__'__ll __break __any __time __soon__,_ He says.

"Well..." I say, smiling. "You'll need it for long distance journeys. To look for your mother."

Toothless pulls away from my lap, looking at me, alarmed at my offer.

_Are __you __crazy__?!_ He says, aghast. _You __said __we__'__d __stay __together__! __I __just __can__'__t __take __a __new __tailfin __and __leave __you __here__!_

I begin laughing. No, seriously. How does he _not_ get it?

"Who says you'll be going alone?" I say, grinning from ear to ear.

And, finally, Toothless understands. He eyes light up incredibly fast, his body moves right up to mine, his snout inches away from my chest.

_You__... __really__? __You__'__re __leaving __with __me__?_ Toothless says hopefully.

I nod. "It's not like I have a lot to live for here," I say confidently.

_Oh__, you still do. __I__'__m __still __here__, __on __your __lap__, __remember__?_ He jokes.

I laugh.

And this time, he laughs too.

* * *

><p>It's the end... of part one! I love this story so much, and I'm definitely going to continue it!

Special thanks to MadMaxLaxBro, LuMezenga, and PuraStones for being great support to my efforts, and of course, thank you all for taking your time to read this!

5. Apprehension

**Welcome back! Consider this one as bridge between this and the next

chapter, because things will get more interesting from here!**

* *
*

><p>Snore.

_Snore__._

_Fish__._

_Snore__._

Fish?

As I wake up for the second time outside of my home, I hear something new in my head. I open my eyes and see Toothless asleep on my lap. the sound appears again, this time fainter now that my eyes are open. I close my eyes and concentrate on the soft sound.

It's a soft snore from Toothless. I open my eyes again. His chest rising and falling ever so slightly, breathing rhythmically equal to mine, his snores resonating softly like... well, actually, I don't know what to compare his snores to. The way the air is slowly sucked up as it enters his body, the way the air exits his nostrils as he exhales, all coupled with how natural the act is, is incomparable. There is nothing like it at all; it's unique.

I've never really thought much about how quiet Toothless is when he sleeps. His eyes are shut, his ears are dropped, his legs and wings relaxed, especially since he knows that I am here, next to him, and that nothing can harm either of us when we are like this. Nothing will separate us now, with me being immortal and everything.

Toothless opens his eyes slowly, registering the cool air around us first, then my chest. He coos softly, digging his snout into my chest as if it was a pillow.

"Oi! Heya, Toothless," I say, rubbing his snout happily. He pulls back and snorts.

Hiya _there__,_ he says. _What_ _are_ _we_ _going_ _to_ _do_ _today__?_

"Well," I begin. "Since we're out of camping days, we should go back to the village soon."

His eyes widen. _The_ _village__?_

I nod. "Only for a while," I assure him. "Just long enough for them to know that we're still alive and stuff."

_You__'_re_ _going_ _to_ _have_ _a_ _lot_ _of_ _explaining_ _to_ _do__,_ he tells me. I nod.

"What Astrid and Dad will say when he finds out that I'm living with you forever..." I say uneasily.

Toothless looks at me guiltily.

_Hiccup... _did _I _do _the _right _thing?_ He asks me.

I nod, looking around the cove. Gee, this place... to think that last night, I became eternum...

"It was right," I say confidently. "You've been such a great person to me, even if I didn't deserve it-"

A nudge from Toothless forces me to rephrase the sentence.

"You're really great, and I didn't know why you are-"

_Nope... _Rephrase _that _again_,_ he says.

"You're helping me for no reason-"

_No... _Say _that _again _and _I _will _scorch _you_,_ he growls.

"Aw, c'mon. Can't I just speak my mind?" I ask.

_I _think _it _would _be _easier _if _you _told _me _the _truth_,_ he points out.

I look at him, his passively slit eyes looking at me with sincerity.

"Oh, fine," I say. "You've helped me so much. You gave me what no human could ever give me. You gave me friendship. You gave me the strength to do what was right. You... well, you're the best friend in the world. How am I supposed to repay that, if not by helping you do what you want?"

He croons happily, settling down on my lap again.

_You _being _a _great _friend _means _that _I_'_m _supposed _to _be _helping _you_, _you _know_,_ he says.

"You did," I say. "You made me immortal. And I'm repaying you by helping you find your mother. It'll be a good excuse to see the world, see? We can share as many sunsets as we want together, and no one else but us will care."

_I g_uess _that_'_s _fair _enough_. _But _isn_'_t _our _care _towards _each _other immeasurably _equal, _anyway?_,_ He asks.

"According to some dragon here," I say, "Those jokes at my expense were equal too."

His ears droop incredibly fast that I nearly jump.

Sorry,_ he says. _It_'_s _just _I_'_m _huge _and all_, _and _you_'_re... _smaller _than _me_. _It _just _feels _right _sometimes _to _poke _fun _at _you... _But _I _never _knew _that _you _were _keeping _track_. _I _thought _you _didn_'_t _care..._

"I don't," I say. "Mostly."

_I __won__'__t __do __it __again__,_ he says reassuringly. I shake my head.

"Nah, keep on joking. They're not all that bad-"

_They __make __you __uneasy__-_

"I try to laugh them off-"

_You__'__ve __been __treated __like __this __before__! __When __the __other __villagers __joked __at __you__! __Does __that __make __me __different__?_

"You're different," I say loudly, "Because you don't mean the insults and jokes that you tell me. Because you know I'm not what you call me."

Toothless is silent for several seconds.

_I __still __feel __bad __,_ he says, shaking his head. I sigh.

"Fine," I say, pretending to pout. "Go ahead and ruin my day."

He removes his head from my lap and sniffs my chest.

_What__?_ He asks, duly confused.

"If you feel bad, do you expect me not to share it?" I say truthfully.

Toothless is once again silent, this time in deep thought.

It's not something that happens because our souls are so deeply connected now. It's something that I feel manually whenever I see his expressions or, recently, words. If he's sad, then I have no right to be happy. I can't ever do that to a friend. To _the_ friend.

_Fine__,_ he grumbles, licking my face and smiling his Toothless smile.

And yes, that's capital T for you. It's his, as a word, not an adjective.

"Ah! Yeah, being cheerful like this is far more healthier," I say.

_So __is __licking __your __face__,_ he jokes. Or, I hope he's joking. _Dragon __saliva __has __special __properties__, __you __know__._

"Like what, giving me a headache?" I say, rolling my eyes.

He closes his eyes and purrs, not answering the question.

Now that we have so much to talk about, I honestly have no idea where to start first, if we should start at all. One day, our topics will run out, because we have a limited history, despite an unlimited

future, and we will feel bored. That's a horrifying thought, but maybe it's true. Best we do more flying and caring and less talking.

On the other hand, I still want to know more about him.

"Say, Toothless, can I ask you a question?" I ask.

_Go __ahead__,_ he says, his head on my lap again. His breathing is relaxed again, his eyelids closed in bliss. The power of dragon nip. Seriously, does he think he can doze off just because my freaking lap is soft?

_Yes__,_ he says, purring. I roll my eyes.

"Do dragons have some kind of debt system?" I ask.

_Debt __system__? __As __in, __measuring __deeds__?_

"Yeah," I say.

_Well__... __sorta__,_ he admits.

"How does it work?" I ask, wanting to get the point as fast as possible in fear of him trailing off. And it's not like you can wake up a sleeping dragon without getting your limbs ripped off.

A nervous look is all I get.

"Yes?" I ask, pushing the subject further.

_Would __you __get __mad __if __I __told __you__, __then__?_ he asks, his breathing increasing its pace again. A sign of excitement... or nervousness.

"No," I say. "I will not. I promise."

Toothless nods in thanks.

_Dragons __measure __their __debts __in __a __similar __way __humans __measure __things__,_ he begins. _You __have__ 2 __acres __of __land__, 3 __cups __of __milk__, __but __dragons __call __their __debts __**jeld**___. _Jeld __can __be __converted in to __numbers__, __but __there __is __a __confusing __formula __that __even __dragons __struggle __to __comprehend__. _It__'__s __felt __by __the __heart__, __not __the __brain__. _Not __even __Night __Furies __really __know __how __it__'__s __calculated__. _When __we __feel __like __we __have __to __repay __them__, __we __do__. _We __can __go __against __it__, __but __it __just __feels __guilty __and __we__'__re __going __to __have __to __do __it __anyway__, __sooner __or __later___. _

"That's... interesting," I say, nodding. "But do you repay it wholeheartedly?"

_Do __humans __repay __all __their __debts __wholeheartedly__?_ he shoots right back, offended.

"Oh," I say, hanging my head, but after realizing I'm looking straight into Toothless's eyes, look straight ahead instead. When I

end up seeing his tailfin though, I decide to shut my eyes instead.
"Sorry."

He shakes his head gruffly.

_Nah... _I _should _be _saying _sorry_,_ he says, clearing up quickly. _That _was _a _harmless _question _you _asked..._

"Whatever," I say, shaking my head, resigned to the truth. "I won't ask it again-"

_Dragons _repay _their _debts _reluctantly _only _when _they _need _to_,_ he quickly says, hints of pain showing in his voice. His dark, husky, soft, and sincere voice.

I open my eyes, surprised. He shoots a high bird chirp that causes me to laugh.

"What the... how did you do that?" I ask, struggling to not shake, fearing Toothless will feel uncomfortable.

_You _thought _dragons _couldn_'_t _sing_, _did _you?_ he asks, giggling. He melodizes another chirp, causing a bird outside to chirp loudly in response.

"No," I say, amused and amazed. "That was unexpected."

Still, _I _don_'_t _know _any _real _songs _yet_,_ he says. _Dragons _are _born _with _talents _that _can _be _brought _when _the _opportunity _arises_, _but _otherwise _we _need _something _to _teach _us..._

He looks at me, shock coming to his face as he realizes something.

_Some_one, he says. _Sorry..._

I wasn't even thinking about that, and yet he was. Wow. The guy really does remember his words.

"I can sing to you later, though my voice is somewhat terrible," I say truthfully.

_Best _I_'_ve _heard _all _my _life_,_ he jests.

"That's because I'm the _only_ person who bothers with singing," I snap. "Most people see it as a girl thing."

_Are _you _kidding _me?_ _Stormfly _sings _all _the _time_, _and _she_'_s _horrible _at _it_,_ he says, snorting.

I widen my eyes at this latest piece of information.

"She _sings?_" I ask. "I've never heard her do that."

_She _likes _to _sing _when _she_'_s _alone... _or _when _she _thinks _she_'_s _alone_, _anyway_,_ he says, smirking heavily.

"You- what?" I splutter. "You- you've been-"

_Staking __her__?_ He asks, smiling. _Of __course__._

I bury my face in my hands, confident that Toothless is laughing madly under me, not moving from the spot to roll around only to stay next to me.

"Oh. Dear. Odin," I utter each syllable exasperatedly.
"Seriously?"

_She _does _look _hot__,_ he says.

"I don't _care__!" I say, throwing my hands up into the air, which make me see Toothless looking up at me again. He rolls his entire body around, so his belly is facing the cave roof, his snout pointing upwards towards me. I roll my eyes.

_I __wish __I __could__... __well__, __you __know __what __I __want __to __do __with __Stormfly__,_ he says, his eyes glinting madly. It doesn't help that I _do_ know what he wants to do.

I glare at him.

"Do you mind if you don't visualize your fantasies in front of me?" I grumble.

_Well__, __you __are __a __male __too__, __so __I __thought __that __it __would __be __OK __if __I __let __out __my__-_ he says.

"Alright, alright. I get the idea. Can you just not _say_ it out loud then?" I ask.

_Well__... __how __about __I __show __you __something __else __first__, __then__?_ He asks, his eyes longing for something. It looks like he's lovesick or something, if dragons can be lovesick. If I had my charcoal, I could draw a heart on him and then write STORMFLY in big letters just to prove a point.

"So, is this your confession of love to Stormfly fantasy?" I ask.

A spark from his eyes knocks me out as I look at him.

I hear the snort of a dragon as he pushes a boy to a rock. I smell the sweet scent of a human as a dragon rests softly on his lap, the soft cloth of the tunic and the breathing of two souls together as one happy life, their chests rising and falling at the same times. I feel the the dragon nip's effect is now diminishing due to its present wilting stage, but it's being replaced by something so much better; care. The warm, secure feeling that wells up inside when you know that they will always be someone for you when you wake up, the fact that you always know that those who you treasure dearly are right by your side and won't be going anywhere, is just something so phenomenal.

So _this_ is why Toothless likes sleeping on my lap so much.

I'm on the groundy floor of the cove, licking my paws and wishing to know why life has to turn out so badly for me. Mother didn't come to

save me. I don't even think She cares about me any more. I want to be with her, under her protective wing, a luxury that I never got to have. Where is she?

I try to look for fish. I need food to survive. Maybe, by some miracle, she will still come back, and I will have to stay alive until then. I look into the pond and see the fish swimming about inside, all waiting to be picked off by my powerful jaws. I stick my snout under, trying to nab at them. They all swim away harmlessly. I can't go in after them, for I will surely die if I do. Dragons are powerful swimmers, but only with their tailfins for maneuvering and, well, staying alive.

I can't even grab fish to save myself. I'm just burdening Mother this way.

A rustle from above me makes me look up. It's that little human again! What an annoying little pest! His green overclothes and brown messy hair contrast so heavily to his senile and evil nature! He's the one who nearly got me killed with that knife! He tried to kill me! I saw it in his eyes! He was determined to end my life, to deprive me of the only thing I want in life, he was going to freaking kill me!

And, most importantly, he's not Mother!

But why didn't he kill me? He could have done so at any time he pleased when I was tied up like an animal (which is ironic, considering that he is even more animalistic than me), yet he cut the ropes instead. The rage inside me was burning like fire back then, but I swear I remembered the whimper of the human, the fear in his eyes that were in mine when I nearly died.

Something in my mind clicked back then: The __human __has __spared __your __life__. __Spare __his__.

With all that rage inside me, of course, I couldn't hear it, but I acted accordingly anyway, as if it was an order with no option involving objection. I roared in pain, the thought of Mother looming so strongly in my head, and left. This is what I can see now, with all that rage gone, in my mind's eye. I feel none of it now. She's not here. She's not coming back.

I just want to lie down and let everything end. I'm bored with life. I have no mother. I live only for fish and for debt repays. After all that has happened, I don't know why I'm doing this anymore. Maybe I can just starve myself to death.

Yes, that sounds like a good idea. It may be a slow way to die, but if I just sleep all day then I might just slip away and never come back.

The boy has finished climbing down the steep walls of my natural prison. He advances on me, holding fish in his hand-

Wait, fish?! Is he trying to poison me?

I slit my eyes at him. I might want to die, but I'm not going to die because of him. Even now, pride gets into my way of my wants. I need to get him out of the way, and continue with leaving life.

I look at him with my eyes wide, advancing on the him slowly.

Leave, _ I say. _I _can_'_t _kill _you _after _what _you_'_ve _done_, _so _just _go_. _Don_'_t _make _my _misery _even worse _than _it _is_. _

He stands put, his eyes locked onto mine as he holds out the fish carefully.

As I near him, I see the gleam of metal bouncing off a metallic object.

A knife. He's luring me in and he's going to kill me.

I back, growling at him. _Why _must _you _make _this _so _hard _for _me?_ I ask him.

Of course, he doesn't answer. He can't hear me.

He notices my abrupt movements and looks at his knife. Inside, I feel something inside me.

_That _fish _looks _nice_. _It _must _be _tasty_, _too_. _

No. No way. I am going to die, and I don't want anything to make life last any longer than it is. I want to die.

_The _human _must _have _more_. _If _he_'_s _really _here_, _he _wants _to _give _it _to _you_. _

Shut up. That fish must be poisoned. There is no way that he comes in peace. Humans have far less morals than dragons.

_But _do _all _humans _have _less _morals _than _dragons?_Some _doesn_'_t _equate _to _all_, _you _know_. _

No! Why are you trying to prolong my stupid life? Why are we born anyway, when we cannot get what we want in life?

â€|_I _don_'_t _know_. _

See?

â€|

Hah. Idiot. Now you see- this human thinks that he's going to get away with his trick. But little does he know-

Look. _

The human holds up his knife for me to see. I want to shoot fire at it, but I can't hurt him. If I do, then I will be debted again... I will have to take care of him. If only the Queen could be here and suppress my _jeld_ feeling, something that she's been doing to all the dragons for who knows how long. That's why they can (and are forced to) raid the villages, anyway.

_Get __rid __of __that__!_ I yell, motioning my head towards the pond.

As if by pure chance that he actually heard my thoughts, he shoves the knife into the water. It sinks to the bottom with a _plonk__._

_What __are __you __doing__?_ I ask him, my eyes curious but also bored of life. _Leave__._

_Please__._

He stays right where he is, looking at me with genuine fear.

_Why __are __you __staying__?_ I ask him, but I know no answer will come from him.

_Can__'__t __you __see__?_ A voice snags in my head. _He __wants __to __give __you __it__._

But I don't _want_ to live! Why can't it just all end already!

_Because __it __isn__'__t __the __end __yet__. __Feel __the __human__'__s __mind __with __the __intelligence __you __have__.
_What __is __he __thinking__?_

That's an absurd thought, as only care and trust will allow the passage of mind reading to open, but I give it a try. As with my pride, I _am_ a Night Fury.

"_C__'__mon__... __Night __Fury__... __Why__ _ __you __not __accepting__ _? __Is __this__ _ __little __for__ _ __stomach__? _
_I __supposed__ _ __bring __more__ _ __you__?_"

My eyes jolt at this suggestion. _More__?_ I ask. Then I remember that he's mute to my thoughts.

That _I__'__m_ mute.

_You __still __want __to __live__, __don__'__t __you__?_

No.

_Then __eat __that __fish__. __If __it__'__s __poisoned__, __then __you __die__. __If __it__'__s __not__, __it__'__ll __only __prolong __your __life __for __a __little __while__._

My inner flame's thoughts send me off guard. He's never resigned to me like this.

_Just __do __it__. __If __you__'__re __bored __of __life__, __then __this __is __only __a __small __distraction__._

If I'm going to die, I'm going to die alone. I'm going to do what the boy wants and let him go.

I slowly begin to advance towards the fish. I keep my teeth shut to keep my thoughts of eating the fish out of my mind, hoping that he'll leave before that.

Go,_ I say. _Don_'__t __torture __me __like __this__._

The boy stays put. The fish looks surprisingly tasty...

No!

It looks like it's been seasoned, too. The other dragons like it a lot when they steal the humans' fish and the wafting smell of spices indulge them.

No...

It would be a shame... if the human would have to eat it for himself, no?

N...

Eat it. It will make you feel happy. It'll make you less hungry.

_Happy__. __Less __hungry__. _

Screw death. Fish is more important.

My teeth come out at the last second and I grab the fish, chewing it down with mirth and satisfaction. It tastes like nothing ever before, despite having eaten this aquatic being my whole life. I guess it comes from being so hungry and... hopeless. The fish lights something like a small fire inside me, adding a little bit more to the inner flame that wilted so dangerously low previously.

I look at the human, the savior. Why did he come all this way to help me?

_Because __he __wants __you __to __live__. __He __threw __everything __hostile __towards __you __away __and __came __in __with __clean __hands__. __He __wants __you __to __live__._

I steadily walk towards the human, a rush of gratitude entering my thoughts. If he wants me to live... he must want to live as well. And he looks so happy... Have I ever encountered anything this joyful before?

I regurgitate half the fish from my stomach and let it fall onto his lap.

Hey,_ I say. _Maybe __we __can __share __this __fish __together__. __What __do __you __think__?_

The human looks at my nervously, as if wanting more to be told.

_I __really __think __that __you __like __living__. __If __we __share __the __fish__, __life __could __get __more __interesting__._

The human looks at me yet again. I sit back and let him think.

_Eat __it__!_ I tell him. _If __you __want __me __to __live__, __then __you__have __to __stay __healthy__, __too__._

Finally, he takes a small bite from it. I warble happily.

C'__mon__! __Take __it __all__!_ I say.

After some reluctance, he swallows the fish- or at least the part that he bit.

_Yeah__!_ I say.

Hey... when did I get so... enthusiastic? I know that I'm kinda young and everything, but is _this_ what it feels like to be happy? It feels... new.

It feels... good.

The human smiles at me. That's a smile, right? A universal sign of happiness, some dragon told me. Dragons don't smile, we snort.

But, like happiness, it's something new. And it's worth trying.

After what seems to be like a few attempts to raise my lips up, I manage to smile.

Toothlessly.

Suddenly, he reaches out and extends his hand towards me. I rear back in fear.

_What __are __you __doing__? __Are __you __telling __me __to __stop__? __Am __I __scaring __you__?_ I ask him.

Holding out one's hand is a sign of fear, mercy, and the want for someone to stop.

I slit my eyes. If I'm bothering him, I might as well be away with myself.

I turn around and go for the far side of the cove. I scorch a patch of ground below me, warming my belly and lying down to rest. Wow... that was enthusiastic.

That was happy. Even the birds above don't look as blissful as me now. I watch as he comes near me again, stopping to sit down crossed legged next to me.

_Hey__, __I __thought __you __didn__'__t __want __me __to __be __near __you__! __What__'__s __wrong__?_

_I __have __to __hide __myself__. __Maybe __he __won__'__t __see __my __if __I __hide __behind __my __tailfin__._

I do just that. Behind my cover, I wish he'd play with me again. I want him to smile again. I want him to give me something that will give me even more fire to continue. He gave me a reason to live. I have to- no, I _want _to repay him back by living for him! I- argh! What do you want, human! You keep holding out your hand and telling me to _stop__!_ Stop what? Stop being next to you? Geez!

After some scuffle, I decide to hang upside down from the tree nearby instead. He can't reach me from there, can he? No. So I can't bother him any more.

Good.

After dozing off for several hours, I open my eyes and think about what he just did. He gave me a will to live. He gave me fish. My triggered my debt and my want to live, against all odds.

And that's not nothing, what the boy did. I wonder... I wonder why the boy did it in the first place. Did he do it because he cared about me? Is that why I care for him now?

_Yes__._

I look around for him. He's doing something to the ground, making scratches into it with a stick. I leave my residence and walk up next to him for a better look.

_Hey__, __that__'__s __me__,_ I point out. _You __draw __pretty __well__._

He gives me a look, but doesn't reach out his hand out. He continues with his scratching.

_Hey__! __I __can __draw __too__, __you __know__!_ I say. _Be __right __back__!_

I run towards the nearest tree and uproot it. Sorry, birds. Find some other home next time! It's Night Fury playing time!

I grab the stick by the mouth, scratching around at the ground. I'm pretty sure that this doesn't look like the human that I plan to draw at all, but this is just so _fun__!_ Who would know that life can be this good, just having fun with the littlest but yet the happiest things!

The tree whacks his head by accident. _Sorry__!_ I call, not stopping my forestal assault on the ground.

After a while, I discard the tree and look to admire my work. It's all wibbly and wobbly, but it looks good enough, compared to the human's.

_Nice__, __isn__'__t__it__?_ I ask him.

In response, he steps on it.

I growl. _No__!_ I say, and he retracts his foot. _My __drawing __can__'__t __be __that __bad__, __can __it__?_

He steps on it again!

_Hey__!_ I call, sneering. _Have __some __respect__! __Have __I __stepped __on __your __drawing __lately__?_

He steps on it again, and I stomp once. _No__. __Say __something__! __Is __it __good __or __not__?_

He retreats his foot, and suddenly begins turning around, each time stepping into a new space, but none on my drawing. As he turns, the sunlight bounces off him perfectly, giving him the image of a joyful man of men dancing about and enjoying life.

It's beautiful. I want to get up and dance too, but I only stay put, wanting to know what he does next.

Finally, he ends on my front. _Hey__!_ I snort. _That __was __amazing__!_

He looks at me curiously, then extends his hand out- again!

What is he trying to tell me? Stop complimenting him?

He looks away, not making eye contact anymore.

Huh? Saying _stop_ doesn't work this way, right? Maybe... it means something else.

Maybe I should thank him for making me feel so happy. Maybe... I look at him, his hand, and as if magnetized by some divine force, I touch his hand with my snout.

Suddenly, I feel a rush of emotions and thoughts run through me. _This __is __new__,_ I think.

"_This __is __new__,_" the human's voice appears in my head.

Whoa! That's... wow! I can hear you now! Maybe, if I'm not wrong...

_Can __you __hear __me__?_ I ask him eagerly.

When he says nothing and pulls away, I snort. It wasn't like I wanted you to answer or anything!

I turn around and run back to the other side of the cove. Out the corner of my eye, I see him leaving the cove. Hmph! Go, then! Don't apologize! You let me down! You let a teenage dragon down!

But still... it felt damn fun. His hand, his thoughts, his picture. Makes me want to draw... hey! Maybe I can do that!

Grabbing the stick, I begin tracing more lines into the ground, hoping that he'll tell me how good it is when tomorrow.

He _is_ coming tomorrow.

****T****

After the huge influx of thoughts entering my head, I slowly open my eyes, and guess what- Toothless is _still_ upside down on my lap and looking at me, smiling happily.

"Wow..." I say, dazed and amazed. "That was what you were thinking back then?"

He warbles. _Yep__,_ he says. _I __thought __it __was __only __fair __that __you __know__, __since __I already __knew __your __thoughts

__back __then__._

I laugh. "Thanks, buddy."

He smiles. Toothlessly.

"I think I've gotten the Debt system now, anyway," I declare, grabbing a stick and reaching into my pack for the notebook.

__Really__? __Where__?_ He asks, getting off me and instead looking at the notebook that I set on th ground and write from a short distance.

Debt = Magnitude of deed x Wholeheartedness of giver

Debt = Urgency x Importance x Wholeheartedness of giver

Repaying Rate = Debt - Self Needs - Self prejudice

$R = D - S_n - S_j$

When

$D = M \times W = W$

When U, I, W and S_j are rated on a scale of 10 and S_n is on a scale of 100,

(The _jeld_ calculates the factors itself)

(If D is less than 0, no debt is paid at that time)

__Wow__,_ he says. __That__'__s __a __lot __of __thinking__._

"You get all of it, right?" I ask.

__Yep__,_ he says, nodding. __The __importance __of __the __problem__, __the __urgency __of __the __problem__, __and __the __giver__'__s __wholeheartedness __all __directly __variate __with __each __other__-__

"OK, OK," I say, now again dazed by his not obvious intelligence. "You're smarter than me."

__Not __when __it __comes __to __caring__,_ he says.

I roll my eyes. "You're still smarter than me," I say.

__Put that __on __paper__,_ he dares.

"Nah," I say. "Let's just stay here."

His ears perk up and he regurgitates a fish for me.

__You __need __more__?_ He asks, warbling.

"I prefer it fried," I say, and after some thought, "How long has this been in your stomach?"

Uh, _five _minutes_?_ He says. I raise my eyes.

_I _was _out _looking _for _food _when _you _were _in _my _memory_,_ he says. _Our _bond _can _go _much _further _now _with _the _immortality _and _everything_. _I _sorta _messed _up _and _ate _your_s hare_, _though_. _

"Wow," I say as he scorches the fish softly. It sizzles and gives off a tingling smell. "One fish "

It'_s _not _seasoned_, _though_,_ he says, laughing.

"Are you going to tell me about your stalks on Stormfly yet?" I ask.

Toothless gives me a shy smile.

Uh... he begins. _I _was _thinking _that _you_'_d _forgotten_. _

I chuckle. "It's OK if you don't want to tell me," I say.

Thanks. _It_'_ll _come _up _sooner _or _later_, _
anyway,_ he says. _
>

"Fair enough," I say, patting his snout. He croons happily. "We're leaving in the afternoon, anyway. Anything you want to do before then?"

Nope. _You_?_ He asks, smiling.

I don't answer.

Given the smile and hug that I give him, it's more than enough to tell.

* * *

><p>AN: Whew! This is a long one. **

6. Hurt

"Toothless."

Snore.

"Toothless. Am I supposed to hear you snore _every_ time you get up?"

Snore. _

"Toothless."

Mmmmmrnnnghf. _

"Get up, Toothless. It's time to head home."

Mm... Five more minutes, ma?

"...Ma?"

Mmm...

Toothless's late-afternoon dreams get me halfway while trying to get him up. It doesn't help that I can see Toothless's thoughts while he's sleeping now, so this is probably some part of his mind that is still active... and thinking of his mother.

Still, he's got to get up. But how do you wake up a dragon who's dreaming of his mother?

"Toothless," I call for the twentieth time in the last five minutes. I wish I could get him up like he gets me. Simple and quick. If I tried that, I'm not sure if I'd still have 2 whole arms or not.

Hiccup?

"Yes, this is Hiccup, and you're needed in reality," I say.

grumble

"Grumble?" I ask, amused. How do you hear someone "grumble"?

Toothless's eyes flit up, his teeth bared slightly in annoyance.

And just when I was having a good dream... he mumbles.

"Well, I dream of getting back to home on time," I say, rolling my eyes. "Can you make that fantasy happen?"

His ears perk up. _You mean that fantasy with me and Stormfly-_

"No."

His ears droop again. _Aww_, he groans.

"Or, maybe you can ask her out when we get home, but we've got to get home," I tell him.

He gets up, drooling slightly. He must have been sleeping really well.

Mama... I hear Toothless think, but I don't tell him that.

Deciding that it's best to lighten up the morning, I give him a rub on the back.

Mm, that feels nice, Toothless says. _More?_

"We'll get to that at home," I say with finality. Even he knows that I need to be back where my dad can be close enough to fling me around.

OK, he says. _Let's go_.

I climb onto his back, his wings stretching out in anticipation.

Ready? He asks.

"Far ahead of you," I say, smiling.

He takes off into the sky, soaring through the clouds and ripping huge holes in them. He roars and shoots several bolts into the sky to celebrate... something.

It's probably not homecoming, but hey, with Stormfly there, anything's possible.

The afternoon sky looks amazing. The sky cascades into several shades of orange, all interlooping with each other, on top of each other, so each layer is redder than the one above. The sun acts like their martyr, shining in its own hue of red, resigning to the coolness of the night and giving up the reign to the moon.

It's just the kind of sunset I'd love to share with somebody.

Astrid? Toothless interrupts, smirking as we change elevation for the lower.

"Clueless dragon," I mutter. He warbles happily.

We reach the village rather unnoticed, with Toothless deciding to land right next to our house, (_our_ house), looking at me expectantly.

"Yes, you can go ask Stormfly out," I say, rolling my eyes. "Do I even need to give you permission? Friendship isn't built upon that kind of stuff."

He closes his eyes and smiles happily. _Just thought that you wouldn't want to be alone_, he says.

"I'm _fine_, " I say, rolling my eyes. "Just go and be a happy dragon, for once."

With pleasure, Toothless says, running off towards Astrid's house.

"Oh, boy," I say, heaving myself towards my house. I have to knock on the door twice in succession before my dad appears and opens it.

"Hiccup! I thought you wouldn't be home tonight," he says, patting me on the back as I enter the house. Nothing's really changed inside, as we were away for only two days, but I strongly suspect that the fire hasn't been lit in a while.

It's usually Toothless who does that kind of thing.

"Yeah," I say, sitting down on the table. "Have you caught the

arsonist yet?"

"As a matter of fact, yes," my dad says, handing me some bread to eat.

I raise an eyebrow. "Who?" I ask, nervousness mounting slowly.

"Hookfang," he says, setting down a plate of fish as well. "We found him and Snotlout hanging by the orchards."

I look at him nervously. If I tell him the truth, Toothless will be screwed, but if I don't, I'll be screwed. Snotlout packs quite a punch at points, and especially when he's angry. He would know those Night Fury firebolts from anywhere, and he'd have seen it fly out of our house if he really was by the orchard.

I don't tell dad.

"Mm, this is delicious," I say instead, making a note to never tell him that it's horrible. He didn't even bother to cook it- it's more like he just grabbed the first thing he found from today's leftovers and set it down on the table for me.

"You're welcome," he says, slapping a hand on my back. "Good to have you home, son."

I wish I could tell him that I hate being slapped in the back, but whatever.

Just that moment, Toothless opens the door (no, seriously, he opens the door) and runs right in, knocking over a chair in the process. He stands by my side, smiling that Toothlessly Toothless smile.

"Toothless! Good to see you," I say. dad smiles and picks up the chair, setting it back to its original position.

"Well," my dad says, yawning, "The village has been so peaceful that I hardly have to work anymore. It's like we live in this paradise village where everyone knows what they're doing."

I smile. "That's great, dad," I say.

What's paradise? Toothless asks.

"It's a place where there is only peace, prosperity, and happiness," I let slip. Toothless looks nervous.

"Yes, it is," dad says, preparing to go upstairs.

Should we tell him now? Toothless asks nervously.

My silence tells him that I'm not going to let him know... yet.

"Well, it's been a long day," my dad mutters, going upstairs. "Good to see you both home, boys."

Toothless warbles in response. We wait for him to close the door to

his room (he installed that after Toothless was entering his room without permission), and then both let out a huge sigh of relief.

"How did we get away with that... wow," I say, slumping onto the floor next to the table.

Why didn't you tell him? Toothless asks, sitting down next to me. His presence is comforting, though sometimes I wished Toothless could just hug me really tight and get over without any explanations. Thinking is hard enough; saying them out loud can be torture.

"I'm not sure Dad would have liked it, especially since he was so sleepy," I say. "I think we should wait until morning, when he's more prepared."

Alright, he warbles. _That sounds fair enough._

"I was thinking that I'd tell him along with Astrid and Fishlegs," I say, rubbing his snout. "That way, we'd decrease our chances of being murdered alive."

By who? Toothless says, rumbling.

"You, I guess," I say, rolling my eyes. "No, if I told Astrid _or_ Dad separately, they'd get mad and all. Best them have some restraint when they're in formalities."

He nods, his eyes slitting very briefly. _If they hurt you..._

"Don't," I say wearily. "I'm a human, remember? I'm Hiccup. I'm _supposed_ to get hurt, both emotionally and physically."

Toothless whimpers quietly, then growls. _I..._

"Toothless-"

He shakes his head. _Can we talk about this first?_ He asks pressingly.

I nod. Better get this subject out of the way before something happens, I guess.

"Sure," I say, hugging him quickly. "But upstairs. Dad'll think that they're something wrong if we're not there."

So we march up to my room, where yet another room has been installed a few months before, so Toothless can't sneak downstairs at night and have food. Little does Dad know, of course, that I taught him how to last week.

As soon as I enter the room, I run and throw myself onto the bed, relaxing and feeling the softness of the bed that I haven't for so long.

It must be really soft, Toothless purrs.

"It's more like refreshing," I say. "You know, they say that the heart is where home is."

I thought it was the chest, Toothless says, confused.

"Never mind," I say, laughing.

Forgive me and my Night Fury intelligence, he says, warbling.

I quickly change into a new set of tunics, making sure to throw my old ones into a little basket for washing later. The venom-splattered one seems to have dried up, its greenness fading and mixing with the tunic. Toothless stays away from this.

"Home is where you feel the most relaxed," I explain, sitting on the bed and letting Toothless sit near me by the bedside. "Where you can be yourself the most. It's your own private _paradise_, where you can do anything you want and nobody can stop you from it."

Still, isn't your heart in your chest? He asks, his ears perking up in interest.

"Yeah, that too," I tell him, then, after some thought, "But the heart can mean a lot of things, you know. The real one, that doesn't have any real emotions, and the not real one, that we use to tell about our emotions."

We stay silent for a moment, looking at the sun as it sets slowly, the blueness of the soft night beginning to appear at last, the moon showing itself for the first time of the day.

He nods. _So, about that..._ he begins.

"I know, Toothless, that you want to protect me and everything, but-" I begin.

And what? he asks, eyeing me with distrustful eyes. _Why would you stand to be hurt like that? Didn't you say that life was about being happy?_

"Because I don't have a _choice_, " I tell him. "Because it's me. No one would dare to hit Snotlout, because he's him. Me? I'm a scrawny, clumsy, pacifist boy that only knows how to shrug off situations with eye rolling. I don't have a _choice_."

You do, he says, growling softly. _You have me. I could take them all down for you, and they wouldn't be able to stop me._

"That's true, but-" I begin.

But what? We'd all be happy then, he says, aggression prone in his eyes.

"If you took down every single person that insulted me, then no one would want to talk me," I say. "I'd just be one of those lonely people that-"

You have me, Toothless says aggressively. _We even made a bond just for that._

"Toothless, why can you be so inconsiderate?!" I say, frustration mounting inside me. With the remaining self-control that I have, I

decide to slump onto the floor instead of the bed, so I can get up if Toothless decides to flee from the sudden break in the atmosphere.

What? he asks, his eyes slitting again. _Just because I care about you and I don't want you to get hurt?_

"It's because that I allow myself to get hurt, that I have friends," I shoot right back. "It might sound bad, but it's why I'm still here!"

Why don't you think, for once, that you can live a life that you'll never have to get hurt again?! Toothless growls.

"Because I _can't!_" I yell, throwing my hands in the air. I don't care if Dad hears. I don't care if the whole world hears. Why is Toothless so protective, so _caring_ of me, when I can handle many of the problems on my own? "We all get hurt in life! That's what life is!"

Liar, Toothless says. _You want to get hurt. You think that your life will be better that way._

My eye stings of something. It's tears. I don't know how long its been there, and I don't care.

Toothless insulted me.

He called me a liar.

The best friend, the soulmate, the Night Fury.

He called me a liar.

And, within the next split seconds that I have no control of myself, it's not Toothless that decides to flee.

It's me.

****T****

I'm out of the house in seconds. The prosthetic does nothing but slow me down, but I pace faster than I ever have in my life, out into the quiet fields of the night. My foots hurts, my brain hurts, and my heart hearts.

I don't know why I'm running, but I keep running. I want to find a quiet place to hide away, to wipe out my tears, to let the night put me to sleep and wake me in the morning, when everything will be alright.

I find myself in the exteriors of the Mead hall, where I slump down by the wall, put my knees up to my head and start crying. The sobs that follow rack my body as I allow myself to give in to my pains, the night absorbing my cries like metal absorbs water. I feel like several thousand knives digging into my soul, each seeking out the most vulnerable spot it can find and repeatedly stabbing at it, refusing to let go, determined to break me. My eyes are wet and blurry from all the tears that I let loose, none of them looking like they will ever dry.

Toothless. Why did he do this? I don't get it at all. I know he wants to protect me, but why does he have to hurt me too? I'm perfectly happy with being who I am. Why can't he accept that too? Why must he think that I want to get hurt? I don't want to. But I can live with it.

It's Toothless I can't live without. And now... he's not by my side.

Toothless... why...

Above me, the sound of thunder roars through the sky, ripping apart the heavens and sending forth rain, the hard and cold liquid deepening my depression even more.

I try and see into his mind, but he's out of range. And he said it was a far range, too.

I just want to be me, Toothless. We've got to accept each other for that.

Lightning strikes and I sob even harder.

Toothless...

Toothless...

Just gonna stand there and watch you burn

But it's alright

I like the way you're hurt

Just gonna stand there and hear you die

But that's alright

I love the way you cry

The song strikes my head with a horribly sweet tune. It was a song that Snotlout and the others sang to make fun of me. I ignored them, but my brain certainly saved a place for this mocking song. My body starts shaking from the cold, but I stay put. I'm not going to go back to the house. I can just imagine Toothless singing this softly, watching me cry in the distance, rubbing in my pains and ripping huge holes into my will.

I want to be alone.

I want to know why Toothless is so protective of me, but I don't want to see him.

He called me a liar.

If this is life, then why is it making feel like I don't want to live?

I don't want to die, but I want to melt away. I just want to become

nothing.

The rain begins seeping into my clothes. I'm definitely going to get a cold from all of this.

Only Toothless's fire could warm me up, but I don't want him near me.

He called me a liar.

He doesn't trust me, does he? He thinks that I'm doing this for my own benefit.

I don't get it, Toothless.

Just tell me why you care so much about me.

Just tell me why you think that this will be good for me.

Tell me why you called me a liar.

The rain picks up its pace, sloshing water everywhere.

People have asked me before if love was a stronger emotion than hate. Before, I only thought that they were just emotions in equals.

Now, I know that love is far stronger than hate.

Because you can get hurt by love. And because of love, I can't hate Toothless.

He called me a liar.

But I still love him. He was the only person who bothered to sit through all my pains.

Was.

He isn't here now, and I don't want him to.

Lightning strikes dangerously close to the village. The rain falls harder and harder.

Is this the satisfaction of the Night Fury, the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself?

Does he care about me anymore?

I want him to. But he doesn't.

Toothless...

The world is getting blurrier as the rain's coldness begins to consume my conscience. My hands are getting numb, and my brain is affixed to one tormenting thought.

Happiness lies trapped in misery.

If happiness is fading away, then I will be _very_ happy.

Please, rain. Take me and my battered soul. Take away my sorrows and sadness and whisk me away to the lands of freedom.

As I'm slipping away, I close my eyes and whisper one last word to the world, hoping that someone, anyone, will hear me.

I'm sorry.

The rain suddenly stops pouring down on my head, and a something warm knocks me back to my senses.

I can still hear the rain as it pours down from above. Lightning strikes again, but it feels more and more distant. My body is losing consciousness.

I'm sorry.

Shivering, crying, and very much exhausted, I faint.

****T****

The rain is still loud and depressing from above, but I'm totally unharmed from the torrential waters.

Where am I?

My eyes open slowly. I see something black in front of me.

Is this Valhalla? Am I gone?

But... Toothless... what will he do?

I slowly force my eyes to open, the lids protesting at every little move. If this is heaven...

A big, dark, scaly, and very stationary dragon is standing in front of me, one of his wings outstretched above me, blocking me from the pouring rain.

"T..." I struggle to say. It's like the rain did quite a job at freezing my throat.

"Toothless?" I finally say. I feel his heart with my mind; he's breathing slowly, his feet affixed to the ground as if he is a statue.

"Toothless?" I say, and the second I realize that he's here, really here, I fall silent.

He's here.

Toothless.

I sit there by the wall, watching him silently as his wings and presence continually save my life. He does not move, nor does he show any intention of doing so. He just stands there, like a guardian, protecting me, but not doing anything else.

I've never heard silence quite this stationary.

"...Toothless?" I say, noticing a small fire by my side. They are Night Fury flames.

Toothless does not look at me. He's staring into the distance, his eyes fixed on the scene in front of him, and not me.

"Toothless." I call.

After what seems to be the longest time we've spent silent together, he closes his eyes, and lets out a long sigh.

I'm sorry, he says, his eyes still looking intently and intentionally away from me.

"I..." I begin. Is he here only to repay a debt?

You're not a liar, Hiccup, he says softly. His eyes are open, filled with guilt, but yet he does not face me.

"I yelled at you," I say, looking at the eyes that do not return the gaze.

You had every right to be mad at me, he says. _I was trying to protect you from being hurt. It turns out..._ Toothless lets out a another long sigh.

I failed you, Hiccup. I hurt you. I made you cry, not once, but twice. I understand now, that life is suffering. I didn't want you to feel bad, and this is what happened.

You can be mad at me all you want, he says. _Just please don't hurt yourself like that again._

I see tears forming in his eyes. His knees are shaking as he struggles to keep them up.

Hurt me, Hiccup. Yell at me, he says, his voice breaking. _Show me that you're mad at me._

"No-"

**I hurt you! **It's only fair that you gain the satisfaction from hurting me! he yells in my head, his feet finally giving away. He slumps to the ground, his wing somehow still covering my head despite the lowered elevation.

He begins crying and, for the first time, sobbing.

I'm sorry... he moans. _I'm sorry..._

I stare at Toothless. The strongest dragon in the world, sad, angry, hurt.

Because of me.

And he says that _he_ hurt me.

I walk out of his wingspan, my head ignoring the pounding rain that repeatedly attacks from the angry skies of the Night Fury above, and in front of Toothless's snout, which now lies on the ground.

I did this! I hurt you! Toothless cries, but he stops as soon as he feels a soft hand making contact to his snout.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Toothless. Please calm down."

Toothless opens his eyes, his sobs fading into the distance. I'm not going to hurt him, for if I do, I would be hurt far more than him. The pain of hurting a friend is far stronger than the pain of hurting yourself. Besides, I don't have a feel for revenge. I have a feel to make things right again.

_H-Hiccup? Shouldn't you be under-__

"If it makes you feel better," I say, "I'd rather to stand here in the rain."

_But- but-__

"Don't you see? I'm suffering right now. But you're lessened of a burden. Your wing must be awfully tired after all that. And if it makes your wing better, I'm willing to suffer."

He retracts his wing and coos at me guiltily.

Aren't you mad at me?

"You called me a liar. I can't deny that. But I can't be mad at you, Toothless, after all you've done for me. I can't possibly hold a grudge against you, because you never did to me."

You're not a liar.

"I can't hurt you, apart from burdening you. Suffering can happen, but it's how we deal with it that makes us strong, you know."

I'm sorry.

"I know, Toothless. I'm sorry, too."

After a while, the rain finally stops, leaving nothing behind but sloshy ground and saddened feelings. This must be really, really, late into the night.

I wanted to make you immortal so we could be together, he says.

"We will, Toothless. We will," I say, patting his head reassuringly.

But after all that? Do you still trust me any more?

"Do you trust me?" I ask him.

He nods. _I trust you with all my life, and more than that._

"Then I trust you with more than my life too," I say.

He looks at me, his eyes asking for repentance. For redemption.

I still feel like I have a debt to pay, he says guiltily.

"Here," I say, walking up to him and giving him a big hug. He raises his neck enough for me to slide my hands around, and we pull into another tight embrace.

The moon is shining brightly, the remains of the night rain fading.

This doesn't count as hurting, he says confusedly.

"Who said that I was going to hurt you?" I say. "I'm getting rid of your debt."

How? he asks.

I pull away from him and smile broadly.

"I forgive you."

At these words, from what was a sad look, becomes a nonchalant one, then a happy one. His tail is shuffling around, his eyes widening, as if he-

"Yes, you may," I say.

Toothless jumps onto me and licks me happily.

"Ow! Hey, that smarts..." I say, not bothering to block the assault of dragon saliva.

That really made me feel better. Thanks, he says, backing away from my body.

"Toothless?" I say, getting up slowly.

Yes? he says, his eyes immediately widening in question.

"You said that dragon saliva had special properties, right?" I ask.

Um, yes? he says uncertainly.

"Well, yeah, it made me feel happier," I say. "Thanks."

We stand there under the moonlight, Toothless trying hard not to laugh.

"I know," I say, rolling my eyes. "Lame."

He snorts and shakes his head.

That was well-written and perfectly executed, he says.

I roll my eyes.

****T****

"So, how was the meeting with Stormfly?" I ask, my legs stretched out to the side, his soft body behind my back.

It turned out to be prett... nice, he says evasively.

"Did you kiss?" I ask wearily, getting straight to the point.

How did you know?! he asks, whipping around with such force that I fall onto the floor.

"Well, I didn't at first," I say pointedly. He nudges at me shoulder, his eyes slit.

If you tell anyone about that- he threatens.

"Oh, and I suppose that I can just tell Astrid that my _crush's_ dragon likes you?" I say, rolling my eyes. "Unlikely."

He blushes several shades of red. How in the world does a dragon _blush_?!

How- how- did you know that she said that-

"Like I said, I didn't know before," I say, getting up, but only to be pushed into bed by Toothless.

_You are _so_ staying in bed tomorrow,_ he growls.

"Right," I say. "You go have fun with Stormfly tomorrow."

His ears perk up, but then immediately droops at the comment.

Sorry, he mutters. _I-_

"No, seriously," I say, smiling. "I'll deal with Dad and Astrid tomorrow. Best that you clear out and keep Stormfly... occupied, anyway."

His eyes light up. _Really?_

I roll my eyes.

"_Yes,_ Toothless. Am I supposed to give you permission for _that_ too?" I ask.

He snorts.

* * *

><p>AN: Yay! Welcome to Toothless and Hiccup's first near fallout! I'll try to make the next chapter wayyy more lighthearted than this.**

7. Satisfaction

Warning: Incredibly OOC Stoick in this chapter! No father-son fluff here!

* * *

><p>The first dawn of light shines on my face as I open my eyes. Well, actually, any light that shines on my face will always be the first because I'm the one who sees it, so I get to tell things from my point of view. Of course, I could spew out lies and say that this was the dying rays of the first light of the day, but I'm not really in the mood for that.

I'm going to tell Dad and Astrid about my immortality. And I'm not going to lie.

Toothless, of course, stands in wait in front of my bed. The shining, sparkling dragon is smirking madly, his teeth glinting almost evilly. He really is a young male dragon. I tap into his thoughts for a second (which is as long as I can, anyway) and sense excitement and impatience.

"Good morning, Toothless," I say, stretching my arms and yawning loudly. Toothless warbles loudly in response, but I don't fear of waking dad and allowing him to walk onto our now verbal developments. He's probably outside by now, but he'll come back in to get me up for breakfast.

Good morning, amici aeternam, he croons. His wings are already open in anticipation of Stormfly and his meeting.

"What brings you to use such confusing words at the start of the day?" I ask, rubbing the sleepiness away from my eyes. The more I stay awake, the more I want to fall asleep, and I certainly don't want what to happen now.

/It means "eternal friend", Hiccup, he says, rolling his eyes. Well, his pupils slide around his eyes, so that's probably it.

I smile sarcastically. "Says the guy who's running off to see another dragon."

Hmm? he asks, crooning threateningly. I don't suppose that I just happened to wait for you to get up before I go, no?

"For permission, actually," I say, and Toothless nearly whacks me with his wing.

So, I'm going now, he says huffily. He turns around and heads for the window.

"Good luck," I say, waving at him. He turns his head back and smiles.

I might not be back for a while, he says, his face suddenly serious. You'll be fine, won't you?

"Just don't come back if you hear me shout," I say. "You need to stay away until my father can cope with the truth."

He nods, smirking. At your father's intelligence rate, I'd say another few y-

I glare at him, causing him to stop talking. Or thinking. Either way, he's not going to make fun of Dad, despite of how much we have in difference.

"You should really learn some manners if you're going to go out with the likes of Stormfly," I say, emphasizing the last word so strongly that Toothless growls.

Hey, I'm a modest, loyal, and handsome dragon. No way she's going to get fussed up over a couple of manner issues.

At this, I imagine a handsome Toothless in a black suit, a freshly caught fish hanging from his Toothless mouth, standing next to a very, very, impressed Stormfly, whose eyes are replaced with hearts as she falls for the dark and modest dragon. Then Toothless swears.

"Rude handsome, then," I say, chuckling. "C'mon, you'll be late for your date."

He coos softly, nodding at me one more time before jumping out of the window and into the outside.

Vale, I hear him say.

Which, of course, leaves me alone.

Ever since that battle with the Red Death, I haven't been alone to myself. Toothless has always been next to me, watching my back, and always pushing me to go forward. He's always been there for me, even when I didn't exactly need my life to be saved.

Yet, when I need him the most, I cannot let him be by my side. The irony is killing.

What do you do when you're alone waiting for the inevitable? Sleep? Write? Draw? All three?

I pick up a notebook and begin to write.

Dear diary.

You are a really patient thing.

You read all these wonders and experiences of the countless that have written in you, and yet all you do is just /read. /You never complain, never rid of the scratches etched into the fabric of your paper, nor do you alter their inscriptions in any way. You just let us write on you, and you give exactly 0 damns.

And yet, when I am alone, when I write on you, leave my markings on the planet, prove the land of my and Toothless's existence, I don't feel lonely.

All you do is listen, and all I really need is that at the moment.

A loud knock on the door tells me that it's slaughter time.

It's been fun talking to you, diary. See ya.

I quickly put the diary down on the table and answer the door.

"Hiccup! Good to see you up so early," Dad says, beaming at me.
"Ready for breakfast?"

I nod, trying to hide the rather obvious nervousness as I walk down the stairs. The prosthetic plonks awkwardly as I take careful, timed steps down the stairs, attempting my very best to not slip and fall.

I sit down on one of the chairs set down. There used to be four chairs, for dad, Gobber, me, and mom, but with the latter no longer here, the number of chairs were reduced to three. The other one became the chair in my room, but I never really sit on it. I don't know why, either.

"I found your clothes stained with snake venom," Dad says, pointing to the basket that is now downstairs, lying by the door. "What happened back there?"

"Um," I say, chewing my breakfast (roasted fish and bread) loudly, hoping the disapproval from Dad will buy me enough time for me to think of the best way to tell him of my intentions.

"Well, no need to tell me with your mouth full," he says gruffly, annoyance clear in his voice.

I take this as a cue to launch. "Dad," I say, smiling slightly. "Can we have Astrid over for lunch?"

"No, I don't think so. You're needed in the forge again," he says gruffly.

"I am?" I say, wishing that it wasn't this particular situation that forced me to think of an excuse- or alternative- fast.

"Then, can I see her after breakfast? With you?" I say, desperation rather clear in my eyes.

He gives me a piercing look, his eyes contorted in suspicion.

"What with Astrid?" he asks.

"Because," I begin, biting my lip to prevent myself from spilling the events before they are due. "Umâ€¦ I. Yeah. About. Something."

"Are you going to confess your love to her?" he asks, his smile meaning distrust fading from his face, and quickly being replaced by humor. Of course, at my expense. "Do you want a marriage that will strengthen our village?"

"W-" I bite my lip and grit my teeth. "Yes."

"Well, then," he says, beaming, pointing at my now-finished meal, "I suggest you go get her."

"Oh, man, I am so dead," I mutter to myself as I walk out the door, Dad looking at me appreciatively. Why didn't I just hop onto Toothless and fly away? No. I'd need supplies, and the prosthetic needs to be more fit for the weather.

So, in short, I'm stuck on Berk until I tell Astrid and Dad about this whole Toothless-gave-me-immortality thing. And then I'm so leaving.

I reach Astrid's house. By the lack of Stormfly's presence, I can tell that she's already off with Toothless or trying to get away from him. Night Furies can be known to be really overprotective.

I knock on Astrid's door twice. She opens the door slowly.

"Uh, hi?" I ask, smiling at her.

"Hey, Hiccup," she says, smiling.

"Hey, Astrid," I say, waving my hand. She waves back, smiling happily.

"Do you mind coming over to my house for a second?" I ask, crossing my fingers behind my back. "My father wants to talk to you."

"You need someone to teach you how to chuck axes?" she asks lazily, closing the door behind her softly. "Because, at your rate, I could chuck you instead."

Hopefully that isn't a provocative statement. I mean, I don't want to be following Toothless's footsteps anytime soon.

"No," I say, deciding to deflect the subject away before things get awkward. "Dad just needs to talk to you."

"Whatever," she says, and we walk together in silence. Well, for about 5 seconds.

"What was it that you did back there?" she asks, pointing to the woods. "You were gone for quite a few days."

"I'll tell you after we talk to Dad," I say, emphasizing the we a little bit too much.

"Yeah, alright," she says, and she takes my hand.

And now, even if she tried talking, I wouldn't even be able to speak.

It's hard to believe that this was the very girl that hated me on sight, but here we are. I like her, and she sorta likes me.

She likes me. Right?

I mean, well, she kissed me. That's gotta count, right? People don't kiss without a reason. People usually kiss because they feel affectionate towards someone else and want to like that particular person. The lower form of that is hugging, but hugs mean a lot of things. Toothless and I hug a lot, and by that we mean friendship.

Astrid kisses, hugs, and hits because I dunno.

Either way, I don't think I'll be getting kisses from her anytime soon, as blissful as that damn thing is. I dunno; Toothless just

seems to care more about me, and as Toothless says it, I want to um, do that to her but not him. So I have no idea what grounds we're on.

Find a way through the grey area

Are we still friends tonight?

"Hiccup."

Don't know exactly how we stand

Stuck in between two uncharted lands

"Hiccup to earthâ€|"

Looks like we're lost without a guide

And we can't make up our minds-

A really hard punch on the arm and I snap back into reality.

"A-Astrid?" I stutter, holding my arm and wincing in pain. We're in front of the house now, Dad standing in the distance. I'm surprised that Dad just stood there and let me get punched- no, he's actually smiling.

I roll my eyes. I'd certainly get myself killed if Toothless hears any of this.

"What is it that you have to tell us?" she asks, crossing her arms in disapproval. "Stormfly's gonna be mad when she finds out that I'm not waiting for her once she comes back from flying with the other Nadders."

I wouldn't count on that, I think. I can almost hear the purr of a certain Night Fury in my head. Or, by the rate things are probably going, a moan.

"So, what is it already?" my father asks, crossing his arms in feigned impatience. "I haven't gotten all day, you know."

I close my eyes and pray for the best. Hopefully they won't decide to make a temporary alliance and completely destroy defile my body with my blood. Like, maybe save a limb for Toothless to see.

"Iâ€| have something to tell you both," I say, sighing loudly. No matter how far you go, you can just never run away from the truth. And, as of now, I'd do anything to prolong the silence by just a few minutes so I can resign my will.

"Yes?" Astrid asks.

"Iâ€| well, remember that I went into the forest with Toothless and everything?" I ask.

"Yeah," Dad says.

"Wellâ€| yeah, I didn't just go into the forest and camp for a few

days."

"So, what did you do?" my father asks, his eyes contorting into suspicion again. Astrid looks at me curiously.

"Dad," I begin, my heart beating loudly. "I'm immortal. And I'm leaving with Toothless to find his mother."

The reaction that Dad has is predictable; like the way the snow has no warning of falling, but when it does, it falls uncontrollably, Dad takes a few seconds to process my words before bursting in outrage.

Astrid, on the other hand, looks far more shocked than angry. In fact, she's smiling.

And I know why. She doesn't want to marry me.

And, for once, I'm glad.

"You _what_?" my father says, taking a step towards me. "You're leaving the village?"

"I actually thought that you might be more concerned about what Toothless--"

"No!" he says, anger now dominating him. I'm forced to take one step back every time he steps forward. "I don't give a Loki about your dragon--"

"He's not mine," I say flatly, but I immediately regret it.

"I don't care!" he almost yells. He takes a large pace towards me, cornering me against the wall of the house. "What I care about is the future of Berk! If you're going to leave, who's going to take care of the village after I'm gone?"

Out of the blue, Astrid appears in front of me. Why she's not mad at this either is something that I'm not really surprised about, actually.

"Definitely not Hiccup," she says calmly, looking straight into Dad's furious eyes. I feel a rush of appreciation for her.

"Then who?" he asks, trying to get past her. She holds her ground.

"Me," she says.

And, all at once, the whole world is silent. The birds do not sing, the people cannot be heard, and only the silent blowing wind is the indicator that tells us that we are all still existing in time, because of what she just said, we probably aren't.

Tick, tock. The sundial's shadow does not move.

Tick, tock. The clouds do not chase each other through the wind.

Tick, tock. There is only me, Astrid, and Dad in the picture.

And I'm so screwed.

"What?!" we both ask at the same time.

"You think you're going to be the next chief of Berk?" my father asks, stopping his pace but narrowing his eyes. His left hand reaches into his pocket as if to produce something.

Hopefully it's not going to be anything lethal. Dad would never kill anyone, right?

Even I scoff at my own thesis. He's probably killed countless dragons before I was born. Possibly even more people, if the legends of the 7 generations of Berk are true.

"Yes," she says, her casual pose almost threatening. "Even though I'm not from the Horrendous tribe, I don't think the last Chief was, either. So I can take the position if no one else can, right?"

"Hiccup is going to be the chief of Berk," he says menacingly.

"No," I pipe from behind. Astrid does not turn, but Dad diverts his eyes towards me. "I'm leaving with Toothless. And after all that you've done to me, I don't think I have a better excuse to not be here."

"I raised you from a little kid!" he says, anger once again showing very clearly on his face.

"Yeah, and have you ever really treated him as a real son at all?" Astrid shoots at him. "Especially when you found out about Toothless; didn't you disown him or something?"

"I did that because I didn't know!" he says. Had it been me, I would have just rolled my eyes at the statement, but my father is the true example of the very stubborn viking. Or maybe your typical viking, I'm not sure.

"Yeah, and now that you do, have you really hugged him at all after that fight with that horrendous dragon?" she snaps. "Which was the only time you feared that he'd die, and that you wouldn't have a chief anymore?"

My father goes silent at this. It's true what she said. I am always Hiccup. My father only keeps me alive and cares about me enough to love him because he wants an heir by the time he's on his freaking deathbed. But even he knows that I'm never going to find greatness in ruling, in weapons, in fighting. I am supreme in making friends.

I am supreme in loving dragons. Not fighting them.

I am supreme in loving Toothless.

"Fine," he says, turning around. "You found out."

"I figured it out long ago," she snaps right back. "I just didn't want to break the news to him."

"Hey, I'm perfectly happy with this new developments," I whisper to her, and I can almost feel her smirk in front of me.

If only I had this kind of bond with Astrid.

"So, you're leaving, then?" he asks, sitting down and resigned to the truth. Even the hot-headed person knows what will happen when the inevitable is shown before them.

"I won't be gone for too long," I say reassuringly. "I'll try to come and visit."

This, is, of course, a lie, but it's a nice, good, white lie.

"Fine," Dad says, getting up. "But a womanâ€¦ ruling the village..."

"It's been done before," she says confidently, "And it can be done again."

At this, I walk up to Astrid's side and nods.

"My mother was a powerful ruler. You can't deny that, Dad."

Dad nods solemnly, but his hand never leaves the pocket.

"Astrid, I will talk to you later about this," he says, pointing at her in a very unfriendly way. "Hiccup-" he gestures to all of me- go back to your room. I will revise your status of head of Dragon Training. I'm very, very, disappointed in you."

"I'd rather you change it to 'dragon befriending'--"

"GO!" he yells. By the looks on his face, I'm not only going to be stripped of the head of Dragon Befriending position, but a lot, lot more.

I walk up to my room slowly. Toothless has not come back yet. Dad is leading Astrid over to the orchard to discuss leadership and things- hopefully they'll reach a conclusion.

But my life on Berk is ruined. I probably won't be able to see Astrid anymore. I might even get kicked off the island, since my dad only needs me as an heir, and not a son.

All because of our actions. Immortality. Love. Strength.

Toothless...

I know we're doing the right thing. I know that we are made to be with each other until the end. Even Astrid understands.

But I don't know why the consequences are so high. My life is never going to be the same again.

I really want to find Toothless for consulting.

The minutes of waiting in my room are agony. Not only to I have mind

bursting with thoughts but no one to talk to, I also have to feel the pressure of not staying here anymore freely. If leave, I might never be able to come back in.

I pace the room impatiently for Toothless to come back. I want to talk to him!

I want him to be here by my side so I can tell him of all these problems!

"T-" I begin, then quickly shut my mouth.

No, I'm not going to call him. I'm not going to worry him just yet.

I have to be patient.

So I begin to think of Dad.

What does he see me as? A means to continue his bloodline? Something discardable when useless? Something loved for only their benefits, and thrown out when dissatisfying?

The last thought makes me shudder. What the hell. That can't be true, right? I've always seen my dad as a more distant figure, but is he really willing to give up his son's life when unneeded anymore?

I hope not.

I start packing a few bags for the inevitable leave. Two contain food and clothes, the other contains metals and tools that I can find in the room. All my notebooks can't be possibly packed in, so I only take my most recent one. I take down a huge picture of Toothless on the wall and fold it neatly into equal folds. I shove that into my spare tunic, along with a sharp knife and dragon nip. The symbolizations I could make with those three, if I ever had time.

I eventually decide to lay down and fall asleep. Whatever the fate, at least I'll be prepared for it.

****T****

Hiccup?

"Huh? Toothless?" I sit up abruptly, and sure enough, he's at the window, looking at me worriedly. His abnormal breathing and happy smile confirms most of my suspicions.

Are you alright? he asks, sliding in quietly and nuzzling my hand.

"I've had better days," I say, rubbing his head softly. I stand up and point towards the orchard, where the two are now not present. "Listen, Toothless, we've got to leave pretty soon."

Soon? Toothless asks, his ears perking up.

The sound of a door slamming below makes me reconsider my thoughts.

"Yes, and maybe about _now_," I say, hitching up onto his back. I sling my bag (and two more) onto my back.

"Hiccup, you're to be summoned to a meeting at the hall-"

The cove, I guess? he asks, spreading open his wings as the prosthetic locks in place, but he already knows that I know.

We _are_ one, after all.

****T****

Alright, spill the beans, he says, cooing as I begin eating a fish that Toothless caught. _What the heck happened?_

"You tell me yours first," I say flatly, not really in the mood to say anything.

Dad betrayed me. _Dad_ betrayed me.

Alright, then, he says, smiling happily. _I found Stormfly near the cliff, and she was just there alone and lonely, no? I went up to her and did my best impression, and she said she liked it._

"It?" I ask, tone still nonchalant.

The way I kept up modest tone and a slender personality, he says, warbling. _And then, weâ€¦ Hiccup? Are you okay?_

I look at him exasperatedly.

"I'm tired, Toothless," I say. "So much has happened today that I can't even tell you all of it."

Toothless looks at me anxiously, causing me to feel guilty. He walks up to me, nuzzling me softly and walking behind me.

You should get some sleep, he says, crooning.

I lean my head back, touching his soft, scaly side with my own soft hair. Then I look at him, surprised.

"Wait, you don't want to know what happened?" I ask, confused.

Yeah, and make you feel even worse? he asks, shaking his head. _Nu-uh._

Another pang of guilt jolts through my body and I decide to speak the truth.

"Dad threw me out," I say, hugging my knees and watching the sun set.

He did? he asks, growling slightly.

"He damn did, Hiccup," a voice above says. I look up abruptly and stare in shock.

Astrid.

"You can talk to Toothless?" she asks, jumping from the ledge and landing gracefully in the cove.

"Yes, I can," I say, looking at her curiously. "Why are you here?"

Does she know that Iâ€¦ um, talked with Stormfly? Toothless croons nervously. I shake my head.

"To give you an update on what's happening in Berk," she says, panting slightly. "The whole village is crazy over this stupid fiasco. Half want you back, the other half doesn't care, and your dad wants to punish you for betraying the village."

"What?!" I say, aghast at her words. "_He_ betrayed me!" Toothless looks at me curiously.

"I know," she says exasperatedly. "But now that he's lost both his son and his wife, no one can continue his bloodline. So he's kinda pissed."

I nod. "What are you going to do, then?" I ask.

She smiles. "I'll be taking over the Academy for you. And maybe the village too, if your dad goes off the line."

"That sounds fair enough," I say, stretching my legs out. "Has he ever thought how terrible the village would be if I got to control Berk, though?"

"That's a rhetorical question, but I'll answer it anyway," she says, smiling. "You'd have a lot more dragons running the place and all."

I nod.

A small silence continues, but is interrupted by Toothless whacking me on the leg with his tail.

"Hey!" I say, looking at him. He smiles mischievously.

What? Lovesick getting to you? he warbles. I roll my eyes.

"I don't think there's any time for that," I say. Astrid looks at me with a hint of confusion.

"Toothless can talk to you too?" she asks, shocked.

Toothless responds with a nod, whereas I just roll my eyes.

"It's been a few days," I say, gesturing to his head. "Since we managed to pull off the impossible."

"You're immortal now, eh?" she asks, leaning on her axe casually.

"In a sense, yes," I say. "But I can still feel pain and stuff."

"But you can't die?" she asks, eyeing me enviously.

I look at Toothless for confirmation.

"I doubt I'd ever let you die," he says. "But I'm not really sure if you can die alone or not."

I nod. "I dunno," I tell her.

She nods. Again. Man, this is getting awkward.

"I wish I could hear Stormfly," she says off-handedly. "That would be awesome."

"Just talk to her a lot and maybe a bond will form," I say, pointing to Toothless. "That certainly happened for me."

She smiles. "So, going to look for your mother, eh? Toothless?"

Toothless snorts and nods.

"She didn't seem this nice the first time we met," he says.

Astrid kicks the ground uncertainly. "Then— I wish you luck," she says.

"Uh— thanks?" I ask, looking at her. She looks— sad?

"I'll miss you," she says, her head hanging.

"So will I," I say, and it's not a white lie.

"And..." she rushes over to me and gives me a soft peck on the mouth. Not a long kiss, just a short, caring one. She pulls away as fast as she makes contact. "I like you, even if I don't want— you know, marriage."

"I don't want to marry Stormfly, either, but I can still— you know, her," Toothless comments.

I blush wildly, but luckily Astrid is far too occupied with blushing as well to not notice.

Several more awkward moments pass, and Toothless doesn't bother to snort or anything.

"Well, then..." she says, walking backwards. "I should go soon. They might be hunting me as we speak."

"See you," I say, getting up and waving.

She nods and runs towards the wall of the cove, scaling it quickly and disappearing into the now early night.

She does not look back once. She's a tough one.

The second she's gone, I wheel onto him. "What was that for?!" I ask, blushing madly.

Just a little spice of life for a young male on Berk, no? he jokes.

"Oh, please. Can you tell me what you did with her, now?" I ask.

He smirks. _You really want to know?_ he asks.

"Just the summary", I say tiredly, settling down on his side again. He's really warm.

Let's just say that I'm not danger of raising kids or anything, he says, laughing.

I stare at him in shock.

I mean, I didn't do it! he says, smirking. _But the next time we come back..._
>

I facepalm loudly. "Yes, mister master of language."

Soul language, he corrects.

I roll my eyes. The night is finally settling in, and like the night that I became immortal here, the sand feels warm. I feel tired and cold, though, despite Toothless's caring fire.

The same place, but different feelings.

Toothless notices this and lays on his side to embrace me.

"Uh, heyâ€¦ thanks," I say, hugging his soft belly gently.

Well, given that we're going to look for Mother tomorrow, I think that it would be best that you're as happy as possible.

"Thanks, Toothless."

I look at the night sky again. It seemed so long ago that we became one, but yet the time was just so recent. The world changes every day, but we will not. Toothless will be Toothless, and I will be Hiccup. Whatever we want to do, whatever we want to think, we need not care for what the others think, for there is nothing that is more important than us, together, as a bond, as a friendship, as _one_. I think of how one day has 24 hours, and how just one minute can feel so long when you're just waiting for it to pass by, and how happy we'd both be if we both use that 1 minute to the fullest, for every minute of the day. We could share happiness, fish, love, and adventures together for every minute of our lives, and that, in itself, is my point of living. I live for Toothless, and I will until he meets his fate, which will be when I too will follow him into the never ending paradise of Valhalla, and there too we will be happy for eternity. There is nothing, I repeat, nothing, more satisfying and heartwarming than two souls loving each other, waking up to see each other in the morning, and knowing that that warmth and happiness will appear every day for the rest of their life, not wanting anything more or less than this blissful feeling. There is nothing more satisfying than straight, happy, _nice_, platonic love.

And with that, we fall asleep, letting the our warmth lull each other

to sleep.

* * *

><p>Well, this ends the main "immortality" theme!
Toothless and Hiccup can now do whatever the hell they want, now that
they are together.**

****If you want this story to continue from here, or if you want to
see Hiccup and Toothless looking for (his) mother in a whole new
story, let me know!****

****(Note- I might be coming back to edit this chapter, because I
kinda rushed it a bit.)****

End
file.